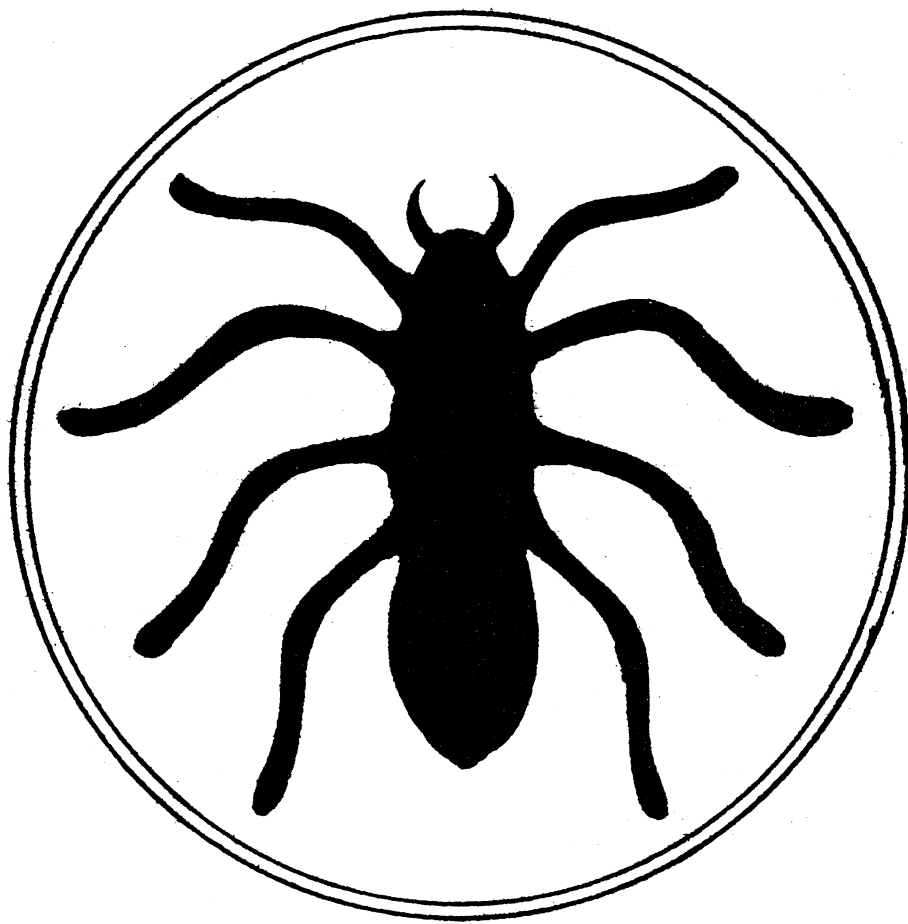


FIGHTER PILOTS



SONG BOOK

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HONORS ARE DUE THE FOLLOWING ORGANIZATIONS
AND INDIVIDUALS FOR THEIR CONTRIBUTIONS TO
THIS, THE 523rd TACTICAL FIGHTER SQUADRON'S
SONG BOOK.

THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE
No. 79(F) SQUADRON, UBON, THAILAND, 1962 - 63

THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE
No. 77(F) SQUADRON, JAPAN AND KOREA, 1950 - 51

THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE SONG BOOK
COMPILED AND EDITED BY "BILL STAR"
27th TACTICAL FIGHTER WING, CANNON AFB, NEW MEXICO

"SONGS WE NEVER QUITE REMEMBER"
COMPILED BY THE 506th TACTICAL FIGHTER WING
UNITED STATES AIR FORCE

ALL THE INDIVIDUAL MEN OF THE AIR FORCE THAT
HAVE CONTRIBUTED SONGS, IN ANY MANNER, TO THIS EPISTLE.

SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME,
VOLUMES I and II

17th Wild Weasel Song Book
Korat RTAFB, Thailand

FIGHTER PILOT'S TOAST

Here's to me in my sober mood
When I ramble sit and think
Here's to me in my drunken mood
When I gamble sin and drink.

But when at last it's over
And from this world I pass
I hope they bury me upside down
So the whole world can kiss my ass.

AIR FORCE SONG

I

Off we go, into the wind blue yonder
Climbing high, into the sun
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder
At 'em boys, give her the gun.
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under
Off with one hell of a roar,
We live in fame, or go down in flame,
Nothing can stop the U. S. Air Force.

Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
the vastness of the sky,
To a friend we send a message of
His brother who can fly,
We drink to those who gave their all of old
As down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
the U. S. Air Force.

SAMMY SMALL

2

Oh my name is Sammy Small fuck em all
Oh my name is Sammy Small fuck em all
Oh my name is Sammy Small and I've only got one ball
But it's better than none at all - fuck em all.

They say I've killed a man, fuck em all
They say I've killed a man, fuck em all
I hit him in the head with a fucking piece of lead
Now the silly fuckers dead - fuck em all.

They say I've got to swing, fuck em all
They say I've got to swing, fuck em all
They say I've got to swing from a fucking piece of string
What a silly fucking thing - fuck em all.

The parson he will come, fuck em all
The parson he will come, fuck em all
The parson he will come with his tales of kingdom come
He can shove em up his bung - fuck em all.

The hangman wears a mask, fuck em all
The hangman wears a mask, fuck em all
The hangman wears a mask for his silly fucking task
What a silly fucking ass - fuck em all.

The sheriff will be there too, fuck em all
The sheriff will be there too, fuck em all
The sheriff will be there too with his silly fucking crew
They have fuck all else to do - fuck em all.

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck em all
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck em all
I saw Molly in the crowd and I felt so fucking proud
That I shouted right our loud - FUCK EM ALL.

Mary Ann Burns was the queen of all the acrobats
 She could do the tricks that would give a cat the shits
 Roll green peas from her fundamental orifice
 Do a double flip and catch them on her tits
 A great big son-of-a-bitch twice as big as me
 Hair around her ass like the branches on a tree
 She can swim, fish, fight, fuck
 Roll a barrel, drive a truck
 Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me. (My bloody ass)

ADELINE SCHMIDT

4

There was a young maiden named Adeline Schmidt
 She went to the doctor cause she couldn't shit
 He gave her some medicine wrapped up in glass
 Up went the window and out went her ass.

Chorus:

It was brown brown shit falling down
 Brown brown shit all around
 It was brown brown shit falling down
 My God how that poor girl could shit.

A handsome young copper was walking his beat
 He happened to be on that side of the street
 He looked up so bashful he looked up so shy
 When a piece of brown shit hit him right in the eye.

Chorus:

This handsome young copper he cussed and he swore
 He called that young maiden a dirty old whore
 And on Brooklyn bridge you can still see him sit
 With a sign round his neck saying, "Blinded by shit".

It was brown brown shit falling down
 Brown brown shit all around
 It was brown brown shit falling down
 His life it was ruined by shit.

STYLES (Tune-Smiles)

5

There are styles that show the ankle
 There are styles that show the knee
 There are styles that have the boys all wond'ring
 Just what the girls are gonna let us see.
 There are styles that have a tender meaning
 That the eyes of men alone can see
 But the style that Eve wore in the garden
 Is the style that appeals to me.

Oh rip the feathers away away
Oh rip the feathers away
Oh the ass of a duck
Makes a wonderful fuck
If you rip the feathers away.

O'REILLEY'S DAUGHTER

7

As I was sitting at O'Reilleys bar
Listening to tales of blood and slaughter
Came a thought into my mind
Why not shag O'Reilleys daughter

Chorus:

Fiddley-I-E Fiddley-I-O
Fiddley-I-E for the one ball Reilly
Rubby dub dub jig balls and all
Rubby dub dub shag on.

I grabbed that she bitch by the hair
Then I threw my left leg over
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more
Shagged and shagged till the fun was over.

Chorus:

There came a knock upon my door
Who should it be but her God-damn Father
Two horse pistols by his side
Looking for the man who shagged his daughter

Chorus:

I grabbed that bastard by the hair
Shoved his head in a pail of water
Shoved those pistols up his ass
A damn sight farther than I shagged his daughter.

Chorus:

Now as I go walking down the street
People shout from every corner
There goes the dirty son of a bitch
The one who shagged O'Reillys daughter.

8

STAY WITH GOD (Tune - Dashing through the snow

The game was played on Sunday in Heavens own back yard
With Jesus playing quarterback and Moses playing guard
The angels in the bleachers my god how they did yell
When Jesus made a touchdown against the boys from hell.

(cont)

STAY WITH GOD (Cont.)

Chorus: (Tune - Oh, Them Golden Slippers)

Stay with God, oh lordy, stay with God, oh lordy
Jesus on the one yard line, Moses doin very fine
Stay with God, oh lordy, stay with God, oh lordy
Hoke em, soke em, Jesus poke em, stay with God.

NELLY DARLING (Tune - Nelly Darling)

9

Oh your ass is like a stovepipe Nelly darling
And the nipples on your tits are turning green
There's an odor of blue ointment round your pussy
You are the ugliest bitch that I have ever seen

There's a yard of lib protruding from your navel
And when you piss you piss a stream as green as grass
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle
So kindly make one dear and shove it up your ass.

SALLY

10

Sally's in the alley sifting cinders
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man
Wind from her bloomers broke six winders
Cheeks of her ass went BAM BAM BAM.

THE BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

11

An airman told me before he died
And I don't think that the bastard lied
That he had a wife with a cunt so wide
That she could never be satisfied.

So he invented a prick of steel
Driven by a bloody great wheel
Two brass balls all filled with cream
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel
In and out went the prick of steel
Until at last the maiden cried
Enough enough I'm satisfied.

But now we come to the bitter bit
There was no way of stopping it
She was split from her ass to her tit
And the whole fucking issue was covered with shit.

I LOVE MY GIRL

12

I love my girl yes I do deed I do
I love her truly
I love the hole that she pisses through
I love her tits tiddly tits tiddly tits
And her nut brown ass hole
I'd eat her shit gobble gobble slurp slurp
With a wooden spoon

A babbling brook, a shady nook, a girl all dressed in yellow
 Two snow white tits, two rubby lips, oh you lucky fellow
 Between the hours of two and four when he began to linger
 She said, "Young man if you are through, I'll finish with my finger."
 So he got up and took a piss, and she got up and farted
 He wiped his jock upon her sock, and that is how they parted
 Nine days went by, he heaved a sigh, a sigh of pain and sorrow
 The pimples pink were on his dink but there'll be more tomorrow
 Nine monthes went by and she heaved a sigh, a sigh of pain and sorrow
 Two little mutts were in her guts but they'll be out tomorrow.

IVAN SKAVINSKI SKAVAR

14

Oh the harems of Egypt are fair to behold
 And the maidens the fairest of fair
 The fairest, of Greek, was owned by the shiek
 One Abdul Abbulbal Amer

A traveling brothel was brought into town
 By a Russian who came from afar
 And a challenge went wide, as to who could outride
 Count Ivan Skavinske Skaver.

Now Abdul rode by with his hand on his fly
 And his balls hanging low with desire
 And he wagered a million that he could outride
 Count Ivan Skavinski Skavar

So this spectacle great was all set for a date
 Twas to be refered by the Czar
 And the streets were all lined to see harlots entwined
 With Abdul and Ivan Skavar

They met at the track with their tools hanging slack
 And the starters gun punctured the air
 They were quick on the rise, people gasped at the size
 Of Ivan Skavinski Skavar

The cunts were all shorn and no rubbers were worn
 And Abdul revved up like a car
 But he hadn't a hope 'gainst the long greasy stroke
 Of Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

Now when Ivan had won and was cleaning his gun
 He bent down to pick up his pair
 When something red hot, up his rear track was shot
 And Abdul the bastard was ther.

Then the harlots all screamed and the people yelled Queen
 They were ordered apart by the Czar
 But so fast were they stuck, it was fucking bad luck
 For Abdul and Ivan Skavar

The cream of the joke when at last they were broke
 It was laughed at for years by the Czar
 For Abdul, the fool, had left half of his tool
 In Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

There once was a girl named Sara McFox
 With hair on her chest and cheese in her box
 She married a man named Patrick McCall
 With a very short peter and no balls at all

Chorus:

No balls at all
 No balls at all
 A very short peter and no balls at all.

The very first night that they were wed
 They took off their clothes and went straight to bed
 She reached for his pecker, it was very small
 She reached for his ball, he had no balls at all.

Now mother dear mother oh what shall I do?
 I've married a man who never can screw
 I reached for his pecker, it was very small
 I reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Oh daughter dear daughter don't be sad
 It was the same trouble I had with your dad
 There's many a man who will come to the call
 Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all

The daughter went home, took her mothers advice
 And found the results most exceedingly nice
 A bouncing young baby was born in the fall
 To the wife of the man who had no balls at all.

PARTIES, BANQUETS AND BALLS
 (Tune-Take me out to the ballgame)

16

Parties banquets and balls boys
 Parties banquets and balls
 As president Truman has said before
 There's only one way to stay out of a war
 That's with parties banquets and balls boys
 Parties banquets and balls
 We'll have parties and banquets and
 Banquets and parties
 and Balls, Balls, Balls

PLEASE DONT BURN THE SHITHOUSE DOWN

17

Please don't burn the shithouse down
 Mother has promised to pay
 Mother is drunk, father's in jail
 Sister's in a family way
 Brother dear is mighty queer
 Times are fucking hard
 So please don't burn the shithouse down
 Or we'll all have to shit in the yard.

'Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving
O'Leary was closing the bar, When he turned and said to the lady in red,
Get out! You can't stay where you are.
She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer, As she thought of the cold night ahead

Then a gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper,
And these are the words that he said:
Her mother never told her the things a young girl should know
About the ways to fly, fly boys and how they come and go.
She's lost her youth and beauty, and life has left its sad scar
So remember your mothers and sisters boys and let her sleep under the bar.

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

19

Darling let me fix your garter
Just an inch above your knee
And if I should wander farther
Please don't blame it all on me.

The hair around your pussy's turning silver
The hair around my cock is turning gold
So let's put our two things together
Silver threads among the gold.

So she let me fix her garter
Just an inch above her knee
And my hand did wander farther
And she pissed all over me.

OH THEY SAY THAT THIS KIMPO'S A WONDERFUL PLACE

20

Oh they say that this Kimpo's a wonderful place
But the organizations a fucking disgrace
There's Captains and Major's and light Colonels too
With their hands in their pockets and fuck all to do
They stand on the ramp and they rave and they shout
And for all of their good they might just as well be
A shoveling shit on the Isle of Capri.

HAVE YOU TRIED YESSUP?

21

Have you tried Yessup
The best breakfast in the land
Have you tried Yessup
The best breakfast food in the land
Delicious, nutritious, the whole day through
Jack Hard-On never tires of it, and neither will you
Oh have you tried Yessup,
The best breakfast food in the land.

Yessup-Spelled backwards is Pussy
Spelled sideways is Slur-Slurp

Six pounds of boobies in a loose brassier
 An old used condrum is a glass of beer
 A twot that twitches like a mooses ear
 These are the things I love.

A dirty whore strolling down the street
 A bloody Kotes in the bumbleseat
 I love my poontang but I beat my meat
 These are the things I love.

KIMPO BLUES

(Tune, A Little Bit of Heaven Fell, etc)

23

Oh a little bit of shit fell down
 Out of the sky one day
 And it landed in the Chosen
 Oh so very far away.
 And when the Senate saw it
 It looked so fucking bare
 They said that's what we're looking fo
 We'll send our Air Force there.

So they sent their "86's"
 Air Base Group and midics too
 And they sent the dreaded 336th
 They knew just what to do.
 And now you'll find them languished
 In a place that's so remote
 That all you'll hear those bastards shout's
 Where are these fucking boats

Chorus:

I've got those Kimpo Blues,
 Kimchi blues
 I'm fed up
 And I'm fucked up
 And I'm blue.

We tried to please old sygman
 But it really was a farce
 The only thing twas left to do
 Was shove it up his arse.

Chorus:

Oh we found our Alma Mater
 In a house in Yong Dong Po
 The brass got there before us
 They showed us where to go

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter-rotate
They've scattered and amitten from Burma to Britain
Don't give me a P-38.

Chorus:

Just give me operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to grow old.

Don't give me a P-39
The engine is mounted behind
They'll tumble and spin and auger you in
Don't give me a P-39.

Don't give me a peter four oh, a hell of an airplane I know
A gound loopin bastard, you're sure to get plastered
Don't give me a peter four oh.

Don't give me a P-51, it was alright for fighting the hun
But with coolant tank dry, you'll run out of sky
Don't give me a P-51.

Don't give me a P-61, for night flying is no fun
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark
Don't give me a P-61.

Don't give me an F-84, she's just a gound loving whore
She'll whine moan and wheeze and she'll clobber the trees
Don't give me an F-84.

Don't give me an old thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug
Don't give me an old thunderbolt.

Don't give me a jet shooting star, it'll go, but not very far
It'll rumble and spout, but soon will flame out
Don't give me a jet shooting star.

Don't give me an F86, with wings like broken match sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as for top cover
Don't give me an F-86.

Don't give me an F-89, Tho TIME says they'll really climb
They're all in the states, all boxed up in crates
Don't give me an F-89.

Don't give me an F-94, it's never established a score
It may fly in weather, but won't hold together
Don't give me an F-94.

Dont't give me an 86-D, with rockets, radar and A/B
She's fast I don't care, she blows up in mid-air
Don't give me an 86-D.

GIVE ME OPERATIONS (Con't)

Don't give me a C-45, so slow it stalls out in a dive
A ground loop built in it, and bird colonels in it
Don't give me a C-45.

Don't give me a C54, six inches of rugs on the floor
And we'll go fat-cat'n, from here to Manhattan
Don't give me a C-54.

Don't give me a B-45, the pilots don't get back alive
The Mig 15's chase em, they soon will erase em
Don't give me a B-45.

~~Don't give me a one-double - 0,~~ The bastard is ready to blow
The A/B is there, but you're saying a prayer
Don't give me a one-double-0.

Don't give me an F-102, it never goes up when its blue
An all weather coffin. that flames out so often
Don't give me an F-102.

THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK (Tune - Strip Polka)

25

Early in the morning when the engines start to roar
You can see the old goat standing, beside his office door
He'll be sweating out the take-off, as he's often done before
The man behind the armor plated door.

Four times he's led us up there, and he always led us back
For he circled o'er the I.P., as we went in to attack
He said, "I'm hard yet fair boys, but allergic to ack ack"
The man behind the armor plated desk.

And when the target's sighted, who inspires the attack
Who says hundreds may go in lads, but a few aren't coming back
Who says we'll disregard the minimum, when you suppress the flak
The man behind the armor plated desk.

And when the missions over, and briefing they should be
You can search the whole field over, but not a pilot will you see
For they'll all be at the O Club, with a mixed drink in their hand
Singing The Man Behind the Armor Plated Desk.

SONG OF R AND R (Tune - Moonlight on the Wabash)

26

When the ice is on the rice in old Chitose
And the Saki in the cellar starts to freeze
I don't want to see my wife in San Francisco
I just want to see my little Nipponese

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well,
 When the end of the month rolls around.
 How she turns, how she squirms, how she gets a case of worms,
 When the end of the month rolls around.

For it's hi, hi, hee, in the Kotex industry,
 Super! Junior! - Band air.
 For where ere you go,
 The blood will always flow,
 When the end of the month rolls around,
 Keep 'em bleedin' when the end of the month rolls around

THE THINKER

28

The lady of the mansion, was dressing for the ball when she espied a
 thinker, pissing up against the wall.

CHORUS:

With his great big kidney wiper and balls as big as three and a yard and
 a half of foreskin hanging down below his knee.

The lady wrote a letter and in it she did say,
 I'd rather be fucked by the thinker than my husband anyday.

Oh the thinker got the letter and when it he did read
 His balls slung o'er his shoulder and his penis by his side.

Oh, he rode up to the mansion, he rode up the hall,
 Gor' Blyme? said the butler he has come to fuck us all.

Oh, he fucked them in the parlor, he fucked them on the beds,
 Lord save us! Cried the chambermaids, We've lost our maidenheads.

Oh, he fucked the Duchess standing he fucked her against the wall,
 But when he fucked the butler twas the dirtiest trick of all.

Oh, he rode out from the mansion, he rode into the street.
 With little drops of semen pattering at his feet.

Oh, the thinkers dead and buried, I'll bet he's gone to hell
 He said he'd fuck the devil and I'll bet he's done it well.

UNCLE JOHN & AUNTIE MABEL
 (Tune - Hark the Herald Angels Sing)

29

Uncle John & Auntie Mabel, fainted at the breakfast table,
 This should be sufficient warning, never do it in the morning.

Ovalteen has set them right, now they do it every night,
 Uncle John is hoping soon, to do it in the afternoon. A---men

Oh, parties make the world go round
 Parties make the world go round
 Parties make the world go round
 So, let's have a party

We're never too busy to say hello
 We're never too busy to say hello
 We're never too busy to say hello
 HELLO - HELLO - HELLO

BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL

31

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day
 Beside his shattered Sabre jet, a young pursuiter lay
 His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead
 So listen to the very last words this young pursuiter said.

I'm going to a better land where everything is bright
 Where whiskey flows from telephone poles
 Play poker every night.
 We haven't got a thing to do, but sit around and sing
 And all our crews are women, oh death where is thy sting

Oh death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling
 Oh death where is thy sting
 The bells of Hell will ring, ting-a-ling
 For you but not for me
 Oh, ting-a-ling ling, blow it out your ass
 Ting-a-ling-a-ling ling, blow it out your ass
 Ting-a-ling-a-ling ling, blow it out your ass
 Better days are coming bye and bye.

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT
 (Tune - Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory)

32

By the ring around his eyeball
 You can tell a bombardier
 You can tell a bomber pilot
 By the spread around his rear
 You can tell a navigator
 By his sextants, maps, and such
 You can tell a fighter jockey
 BUT YOU CAN'T TELL HIM MUCH

KOREA
 (Tune - I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover)

33

I'm looking over a well fought over
 Korea that I abhor
 One for the money
 And two for the show
 Ridgeway said stay
 But we want to go.
 There's no use explaining
 Why we're remaining
 We got what we were fighting for
 KOREA, KOREA and diarrhea
 To make the rice grow some more

TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES (THE WALL)
(Tune - Bless them All)

34

Bless them all, bless them all
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet
But I know a guy who is cussing him yet
Cause he tried to go over the wall
The needles did cross, and the wings did come off
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all.

Through the wall, through the wall
Through the bloody invisible wall
That transsonic journey is nothing but rough
As bad as a ride on the local base base bus
So I'm staying away from the wall
Subsonic for me and that's all
If you're hot you might make it
But you'll probably break it
Your butt and your neck, not the wall.

FATHERS GRAVE
(Tune - Piccadilly Underground)

35

Oh they're digging up fathers grave to build a sewer
And they're going at the job at no expense
They're disturbing his remains, to make way for outhouse drains
To satisfy some brand new resident, Gor Blimey

Now father in his day was never a quitter
And I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now
He'll dress up in white sheets, and haunt those outhouse seats
And no one there will sit but he allows, Gor Blimey

Now won't there be some bloody constipation
And won't those bloody bastards rant and rave
Which is more than they deserve, for having the bloody nerve
To bugger about with a British workmans grave.

FLAK SHOWERS
(Tune- April Showers)

36

Although Flak showers, may come your way
They'll bring the panic, that makes you say
My fuel is Josephine, I'm going home
So if you want to stay and fight, you may
Stay and fight alone.

I've added throttle, I'm on my way
I'll live to come back some other day
So keep on strafing that position
And knock it out for me
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see

THE AIR FORCE LAMENT
(Tune - The Battle Hymn of the Republic)

37

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death, who lived for nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded, and those days are long gone by
The Air Force's gone to hell.

Chorus:

Glory flying regulations, have them read at every station
Crucify the man that breaks them, the Air Force's gone to hell.

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong
A mighty airborne legion set to right the deadly wrong
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song
The Air Force's gone to hell.

I have seen them in their T-belts, when their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their screaming power dives, that blasted Goering's name
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame
Their spirits shot to hell.

Once they flew B-26's through a living hell of flak
And bloody dying pilots, gave their lives to bring them back
But now they all plan ping pong in the operations shack
Their technique's gone to hell.

The lordly flying fortress and the liberator too
Once wrote the doom of Germany, with contrails in the blue
But now the skies are empty, and our planes are wet with dew
And we can't fly for hell.

You have heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel
But now the L-5 charms you with its moanin, groanin squeal
And it won't climb for hell.

Have you ever climbed a lightening up to where the air is thin
Have you stuck her long nose downward, just to hear the screaming din
Have you tried to do it lately, better not you'll auger in
And then you'll sure catch hell.

I have seen them in their Sabre's, when their eyes were dancing flame
I have seen their screaming power dives that blasted Stalin's name
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame
Their spirit's shot to hell.

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong
The Air Force's gone to hell.

We were cocky bold and happy when we played the angel's game
We split the blue with buzzing, and we reeled our way to fame
But now that's all forgotten and we're all so goddamn tame
Our spirits' shot to hell

THE AIR FORCE LAMENT (Con't)

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that
Or you will burn in hell.

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old
When pilots took their choice of being old or young and bold
Alas I have no choice and will live to be quite old
The Air Force's gone to hell.

But smile awhile my pilots though your eyes may still be wet
Someday we'll be in heaven where the rules have not been set
And God will show us how to buzz and roll and really let -
The Air Force fly like hell.

Chorus

Glory no more regulations, rip them down at every station
Ground the guy that tries to make one, and let us fly like hell.

WHEN YOUR LEAVES HAVE TURNED TO SILVER
(Tune - Silver Threads among the Gold)

38

When your leaves have turned to silver
Will you love us just the same
Oh, we'll always call you _____
Isn't it a bloody shame.

To the days at Itazuke
And the parties that we knew
When your leaves have turned to silver
You can stick them up your flue.

PILOTS LAMENT
(Tune - If I had the Wings of an Angel)

39

Now listen all you pilots and you airmen
We will tell you a story sad but true
Of many who wear wings but are not happy
Gather round while we sing this song to you.

The many who wear wings but are not happy
Wear a smile on their lips, not in their hearts
They're overjoyed to wear the badge of an airman
But are sad in getting off to such bad starts.

A reason there must be for discontentment
Why the gloom as dark as any blacked out loop
Just ask them one and all and they will tell you
I'm not a member of the 312th Fighter Group.

AIR FORCE 801
(Tune - Wabash Cannonball)

40

Listen to the rumble, and hear old Merlin rear
I'm flying over Moji, like I never flew before
Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream, and hear old Merlin mean
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer, and hope it gets me home.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop has overrun
My coolant's overheated, the gauge says 1-2-1
You'd better get the crash crew, and get them on the run.

Air Force 801 this is Itazuke tower
I cannot call the crash crew, this is their coffee hour
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see
So take it on around again, we have some VIP's.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the downwind leg, I see your biscuit gun
My engine's runnin ragged, and the coolant's gonna blow
I'm gonna prang a Mustang, so look out down below.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the final, and running on one lung
I'm gonna land this Mustang no matter what you say
I've gotta get my charts fixed up, before that judgement day.

Air Force 801, this is judgement day
You're in pilots heaven, and you are here to stay
You just bought a Mustang, and you bought it well
The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight down to hell.

ITAZUKE ORT
(Tune - When you were a tulip)

41

When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a Mustang
In the Itazuke ORT
Other pilots went to briefing
We stayed in the sack a'sleeping
Hotter stones you'll never see
We were hotter than tabasco, when group pulled each fiasco
We excelled in proficiency
When you flew a mustang, and I flew a Mustang
In the Itazuke ORT.

MEET ME IN KYOTO (Tune- Meet Me In St. Louis) 43

Meet me in Kyoto, Moto
Meet me at the shrine
Take your shoes off when you enter
Or you'll pay a fine
We will have some sukiyaki
Then we'll have a cup of saki
If you'll meet me in Kyoto, Moto
Meet me at the shrine.

BARNACLE BILL THE PILOT
(Tune - Barnacle Bill the Sailer)

43

The air Corps is the life for me, said Barnacle Bill, the Sailer
I'll jump my ship and leave the sea and be an aviator
I'll fly so high I'll reach the sky, gravitation I'll defy
I'll make the people mean and cry, said Barnacle Bill, the Sailer.

Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden
Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden

I'm rough and tough, I know my stuff, said Bill, the Aviator
I'll fly this ship till I've had enough, said Bill, the Aviator
I know a trut, I know a fin, I know a barrel roll and a spin
I know a prop, I know a knick, and I know an elevator.

You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden
You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden

I'm a cokeyed Finn if I'll give in, roared Bill the Aviator
I'll fight this ship with a flyers grin, roared Bill, the Aviator
He kicked the bar and pulled the stick, which didn't seem to do the trick
And he hit the ground like a ton of brick, poor Barnacle Bill, the Sailer.

Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden
Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden

COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

44

Come on and join the Air Force, we're a happy band they say
We never do a lik of work, just fly around all day
While others work and study hard, and soon grow old and blind
We'll take to the air without a care, and you will never mind.

Chorus:

You'll never mind, you'll never mind
Oh, come and join the Air Force
And you will never mind.

Come on and get promoted as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Air Force flyer
But just when you're about to be a general you'll find
The engine cough, the wings fall off, and you will never mind.

And when you loop and spin her with an awful tear
You find yourself without your wings but you will never care
For in about two minutes more another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and his angels sweet, but you will never mind.

You're flying over the ocean, you hear your engine spit
You see your prop come to a stop, The god damn engine's quit
The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is a mile behind
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind.

COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE (Cont.)

I fly up to Yalu, in my F-36
And here's one thing that you can send to Congress in your TWX
I've only got one engine, Jack, and if theast bastard quits
It will be up there all by itself, cause I will shit and git.

Oh someday you'll meet a Mig-15, He'll shoot you down in flames
No use in belly arching and calling the bastard names
You'll lose your wings, don't worry mac, another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet, and you will never mind.

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a damn
About the groundling's point of view and all that sort of ham
We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we will never mind.

Now we're the operations bunch, and we don't give a damn
About these paper shufflin types, with heads just like a ham,
We want a hundred planes or so, all ready on the line
And they can pad these swivel chairs, and we will never mind

Oh, come and get your brassy rank as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train, when you're in the Admin' mire
The ones and fours have room for more, or so they always find
With noses in place, we don't mean on the face, you will never mind.

THE LITTLE GREY RAT

45

OH the pale moon shone on the bar-room floor
The Bar was closed for the night
Then out of his hole came the little grey rat
And he sat in the pale moonlight
He lapped up the liquor on the bar-room floor
And back on his haunches he sat
An all night long you could hear him call
Bring on your goddamn cat.

OFF WE GO
(Tune - USAF Song)

46

Back we come, off of a one hour test hop
From over the land and over the sea
For this feat we get a raise in rank
Ten days leave, and a DFC.

Heres all, as you can judge by medals
Got a lot, and we'll get some more
We're out to conquer, and we will
For nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force

Oh, they built the ship Titanic, and when they had it through
 The thought they had a ship, that the water would never come through
 But the Lord Almighty's hand, said the ship would never land
 It was sad when that great ship went down.

Chorus:

Oh it was sad, Oh it was sad
 It was sad when that great ship went down
 To the bottom of the --
 Husbands and wives, little bittie children lost their lives
 It was sad when that great ship went down.

T'was on a Tuesday morn, they were nearing Englands shore
 And the rich refused to associate with the poor
 So they put the poor below where they were the first to go
 It was sad when that great ship went down.

They were nearing Englands shore and were heading for the dock
 When the old ship Titanic began to reel and rock
 Oh the captain tried to wire but the wire was on fire
 It was sad when that great ship went down.

Then the ship began to list, and the lights began to flicker
 And a drunk cried out, my God where is my likker
 So they brought out the bottle and they passed it all around
 It was sad when that great ship went down.

They swung the lifeboats out, e'er the dark and stormy sea
 And the band struck up with Nearer My God to Thee
 Little children wept and cried as the waves swept e'er the side
 It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHICKEN SONG

48

We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay
 We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay
 My wife said, honey, it's striking funny
 We're losing money, no eggs would they lay
 On day the rooster flew into the yard
 And caught the pee chickens completely off guard

They're laying eggs now, Just like they used to
 Ever since that rooster, flew into the yard
 They're laying eggs now, just like they used to
 Ever since that rooster, flew into the yard.

It was up by Soperi where the Yalu meets the sea
I was out on a recce to see what I could see
When I spied a farmer man with his pitchfork in his hand
It was sad when my napalm went down.

Chorus:

It was sad, oh it was sad
It was sad when my napalm went down (hit the farmer)
There were husbands and wives
Itty bitty children lost their lives
It was sad when my napalm went down.

It was up by Kuniri where I won my DFC
I was out on a recce to see what I could see
When I spied a church below and I let my rockets go
It was sad when these rockets went down.

Chorus:

It was sad, oh it was sad
It was sad when these rockets went down (hit the steeple)
All the people ran like hell
When these rockets hit the bell
It was sad when these rockets went down.

It was up by Sinanju where I knew I was through
The 50's and 40's had shot my turbine through
It was when I hit the silk, oh my God I strained my milk
It was sad when that pilot went down.

Chorus:

It was sad, oh it was sad
It was sad when that pilot went down (hit the bottom)
There were husbands and wives
Itty bitty children lost their lives
It was sad when that pilot went down.

AND I LEARNED ABOUT FLYING FROM HIM
(Tune - I learned about Women from Her)

50

I've handled the stick and the rudder
I've flown quite a lot in my time
I've had my share of instructors
And some of the bunch were fine
A bowlegged fellow from Princetown
And one that was trained at Cornell
And a fellow from Brooks, but they gave him the hooks
And the Shavetail that gave me hell.

(Cont.)

The fellow from Princeton was steady
 He taught me to takeoff and land
 He'd set her down on three points
 And loop her to beat the band
 But when I went up for a solo
 The jennie was steady and trim
 Well, I landed that ship, but I busted my hip
 And I learned about flying from him.

The man from Cornell was a bad one
 A son-of-a-gun I will say
 The dirty tail-spin he gave me
 Will last for many a day
 I donated a lunch to the cockpit
 But he dived and spun her again
 He gave me a howl when I ducked for the cowl
 And I learned about flying from him.

The fellow from Brooks used the Gosport
 And he talked through a long rubber tube
 All that I heard was his swearing
 He spotted me for a boob
 I'll never forget one bad tailspin
 He yelled, kicked the rudder you simp
 But I didn't kick, I wust wiggled the stick
 And I learned about flying from him.

At last I came to formation
 And took a fast ship from the line
 I made the first turn a humming
 And brought her back upright just fine
 I sped up the ship without thinking
 And hit number two in the wing
 And -- when I go well, the CO gave me hell
 And I learned about flying from him.

I've handled the stick and the rudder
 I've flown quite a lot in my time
 I've had my share of instructors
 And some of the bunch were fine
 But take some straight dope from a flyer
 And go with Navy to sea
 For the ships they have there can land anywhere
 And learn about flying from me.

WRECK OF OLD '97

51

There were 97 airplanes warming up on the apron
 Not enough room you could see
 No the first ninety-six were of recent construction
 Bust the last one was a Fifty-one D.

(Cont.)

She was old '97 and she had a fine record
But she hadn't been flown that year
And she creaked and groaned when they started her engine
For she knew that her time was near.

A Second Lieutenant wandered into operations
And he asked for a ship or two
And they said, "Young man, we are very short of airplanes
But we'll see what we can do.

"Now the first forty-seven are reserved for Majors
And the Captains have the next forty-nine
But there's one more ship on the end of the apron
The last ship upon the line.

He was headed for Wenju and from there to Chinhae
And he had to make that flight
So he said, "O.K., if you give me a clearance
I will get there sometime tonight."

Oh, he flew over Taejon and the Taegu airstrip
And the ceiling began to fall
And the clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains
And couldn't see the ground at all

He flew through the rain and he flew through a snowstorm
Till the light began to fail
When he found a railroad going in his direction
And he said, "I'll get there by rail."

He flew down a valley and he dodged through the mountains
And he kept that road in sight
Till the rails disappeared through a hole in the mountains
And he ended his last long flight.

There was old 97, with her nose in the mountain
And her wheels upon the track
And her throttle was bent in the forward position
But her ingen was facing back.

Now ladies please listen and heed my warning
From this time ever on
Never speak harsh words to your flyboy husband
He may leave you and never return.

SAFE HAND MAIL
(Tune - Wreck of the Old 97)

52

They gave him his orders at old Itazuke
Saying, "Bill, you're way behind time."
Take this safe hand mail in your way weary mustang
And put 'er in Nageya on time.

(Cont.)

Bill turned and he said to his black, greasy, crew chief
"IS my spam-can ready to roll?"
Just head 'er down the runway and open up the throttle
And I'll call Camel Control."

There was one dark cloud between Bofu and Nageya
But Bill was a gauge pilot bold
It was in this cloud that he spun all his gyres
And his Mustang did three snap rolls.

He came rearin' down the bottom dein' a million miles an hour
When the tip-tanks came off with a scream
They found him in the wreck with his hand on the throttle
Still flying the Tokyo beam.

Fare-thee well, oh fare-thee well
Old Bill broke his mustang all to hell
There'll be no more suki-hacki at good old Itazuke
Fare-thee well, oh fare-thee well.

MOONSHINE

(Tune - You are my Sunshine)

53

You are my moonshine, my only moonshine
You guide my fighters, when skies are grey
I chase your bogies, from here to Meji
Just to find they have gone the other way.

The other day boys, as I was flying
I heard moonshine controller say
"I've got a bogie down by Kurume
Won't you head your jet that-a-way?"

He said he had me in radar contact
And I believed him like a depe
I flew to Meji - and still no bogie
He had chased a fly across the scope.

You were my moonshine, my only moonshine
How could you let me down this way
My chute was swingin' - they heard me singin'
Won't you take my moonshine away.

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE
(Tune - My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

54

In peace time the regulars are happy
In peace time they're happy to serve
But let them get into a fracas
and they'll call out the God Damn reserves

Chorus: Call out, Call out
Call out the God Damn Reserves, reserves
Call out, Call out
Oh, call out the God Damn reserves.

Here's to the regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call up the God Damn reservist
Whenever the shit hits the fan.

The call up every old pilot
They call up every young man
The reservists they go to Korea
The regulars stay in Japan.

Here's to the regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the God Damn reservist
Their ass would be dragging the floor.

Chorus 2: Fight on, fight on,
Fight on regular Air Force
Fight on, fight on,
Fight on, fight on
Fight on regular Air Force
Fight on..

SPRING TIME ON THE YALU
(Tune - When It's Spring Time in the Rockies)

55

When it's spring time on the Yalu and the Mig's come out to play
And the contrails run in circles, fighter pilots earn their pay
We'll hold our triggers steady when our sights are zeroed in
We'll hold our glasses ready when they pass out rum and gin.

When it's spring time on the Yalu and the mapalm is in bloom
And your 50's do the talking and it's jus a Mig and you
Once again you'll hear whisper that my fuel is running low
When it's spring time on the Yalu then it's time for us to go.

TO THE REGULARS
(Tune = Mr. and Mrs. Mississippi)

56.

I won't forget Korea
I can't forget Kunsan
For Syngman Rhee and Joe Stalin
Have made me feel at home
I flew across the bomblines
And got a hole or two
But all I got was a crock of shit
From you and you and you.

Chorus:

Oh I was called to risk my ass
and save the U.N. too
But all I got was a crock of shit
From you and you and you

The AA was terrific
The small arms were intense
While flyboys bombed the front lines
The division did the rest
While the regulars held their desk jobs
The reserves were called en masse
The U. N. knew the air reserve
was the one to save their ass.

I love you dear old USA
With all my aching heart
If I hadn't joined the damn reserves
We'd never've had to part
But we won't cry and we won't squawk
For we are not alone
For one of these days the regular's'll come
And we can all go home.

Now we don't mind the hardships
We've faced them in the past
But we wonder if our congressmen
Have had fannies up their ass
We have to fight to save the peace
That's what the bastards said
But when you check the casualties
You'll find no senators dead.

I'm going to raise a family
When this war is through
I hope to have a bouncing boy
To tell my stories to
But someday when he grows up
If he joins the air reserve
I'll kick his ass from dawn to dusk
For that's what he'll deserve.

CQ-PILOTS LAMENT
(Tune-The Cowboys Lament)

57

I'm the co-pilot. . . I sit on the right
It's up to me to be quick and bright
I never talk back, for I'll have regret
And I must remember what the captain forgets.

I amke out the flight plan and study the weather
Pull up the gear and stand by to feather
Make out the mail forms and do the reporting
And fly the old crate when the captain is snoring.

I take the readings and adjust the power
Put on the heaters when we'er in a shower
Tell where we are on the darkest night
And do all the book work without any light.

I call for my coaptain and buy him cokes
I always laugh at his cerry jokes
And once in a while when his landings are rusty
I come through with, "Gawd, but it's gusty,"

All in all, I'm a general steege
As I sit to the right of this man screege
But maybe someday with great understanding
He'll soften a bit and geve me a landing.

BOZZIN' BUDDIES

58

A fighter pilot lay dying
The medics had left him for dead
All around him women were crying
And these are the words that he said.

Take the tailpipe out of my stomach
Take the burner out of my brain
Take the turbine out of my kidney
And assemble the unit again.

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky
Besem buddies while boozin'
We are the boys they sent out to die
Bedem buddies while bozin'.

Up in headquarters they sin and they shout
Talking of things they know nothing about

We are the boys who fly high in the sky
Besem buddies while boozin'
Besem Buddies while boozin'
Besem Buddies while boozin'.

A poor aviator lay a-dying
 At the end of a bright summer day
 And his comrades were gathered around him
 To carry his fragments away.

Oh, his bird was piled on his wishbone
 And his engine was wrapped around his head
 And he wore a spark plug on each elbow
 'Twas plain he would shortly be dead.

Oh, he spat out a valve and a gasket
 As he stirred in the sump where he lay
 And to his sorrowing comrades
 These brave parting words he say.

I'll be riding a cloud in the morning
 With no merlin before me to course
 So come along and get busy
 Another lad now wants the hearse.

Take the manifold out of my larynx
 And the cylinder out of my brain
 Take the piston rods out of my kidneys
 And assemble the engine again.

With rusted fifties and rockets
 With pilots as old as they seem
 We fly these worn out mustangs
 Against the MIG-15.

Forgotten by the land that bore us
 Betrayed by the ones we held dear
 The good have all gone before us
 And only the dull are still hear.

So stand to your glasses steady
 This world is a world full of lies
 Here's a toast to those dead already
 And here's to the next man to die.

SONG OF THE ZULU WARRIORS

60

Ay zigga zumba zumba zumba
 Ay zigga zumba zumba zay
 Ay zigga zumba zumba zumba
 Ay zigga zumba zumba zay.

Hold'em down, you Zulu warriors
 Hold'em down, you Zulu Chiefs
 Chiefs, Chiefs Chiefs
 Chi-ga-ma-lie-----oh!

I wanted wings till I got the god-damned things
Now I don't want them any more
They taught me how to fly then they sent me off to die
I've had a belly dull of war
You can save those Zero's for the god-damned heros
Distinguished Flying Crosses do not compensate for losses, Buster

Chorus:

I wanted wings till I go the god-damned things
Now I don't want them any more.

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames
I've no desire to be burned
Air combat spells romance, but it makes me wet my pants
I'm not a fighter I have learned
You can save those Mitsubitsi's for those other sons-o-bitches
Cause I'd rather lay a woman than be shot down in a Brumman, Buster

Now, I'm too young to die in a damned old PBY
That's for the eager not for me
I won't trust to luck to be picked up by a duck
After I've crashed into the sea
Cause I'd rather be a bell hop than a flyer on a flat top
With my hand around a bottle not around a god-damned throttle, Buster.

Now I don't care to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr
Flak always makes me lose my lunch
I get a urge today, when they holler bombs away
For there's one thing you can't laugh off
And that's when they shoot your ass off
For I'd rather be home buster with my ass then with a cluster, Buster.

They feed us lousy chow but we stay alive somehow
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew
What will they think of next? They'll be dehydrating sex
And on that day I'll tell the coach I'm through
For I dearly love my humpin', and I'd love to do some pumpin'
But I'd rather come with chowder, than to come with lumps of powder, Buster

Now the day that we bombed Metz, I ran out of cigaretts
I always smoke one for my gut
They make them by the ton, but I haven't got one
Oh what I'd give to have a butt
Now the home front may be pitching, but I still will do my bitching
Till I find some real sharp cookie, who can mass produce some nookie, Buster

I WANTED WINGS
(Korean Version)

62

I wanted wings till I got the god-damn things
Now I don't want them any more
I don't want a tour in Korea that's for sure
I've had a belly full of war
I don't want my fanny frozen
In that putrid land of Chosen
Fighting MIG's of Uncle Joe's
In an atmosphere that's frigid frozen, buster
I wanted wings till I got the god-damn things
Now I don't want them anymore.

I don't want to die over Antung in the sky
MIG's always make me barf my lunch
For me there's no Hey, Hey, screaming
Bogies that-a-way
I'd rather be home with the bunch
Now there's one thing you can't laugh off
And that's when they shoot your ass off
I would rather be home buster
With my ass than with a cluster, Buster
I wanted wings till I got the god-damn things
Now I don't want them any more.

SQUADRON SONG

63

Oh, we are the boys from the 523rd
You've heard so much about
Mothers keep their daughters in
Whenever we go out

We're full of whiskey
We're always full of booze
Oh, we are the boys from the 523rd
Now who the hell are youse.

As we go marching
And the band begins to P*L*A*Y
You can hear the people shouting
Raggedy Razz, Raggedy Razz
523rd on parade.

Whowawa
Who owns this club, whowawa
Who owns this club, whowawa
Who owns this club, the people cried
We own this club
We own this club
Five twenty third squadron we replied!!

Chorus: They call it that good old mountain dew
 And them that refuse it are few
 I'll hush up my mug if you'll fill up my jug
 With that good old mountain dew.

There's an old hollow tree, down the road here from me
 Where you lay down a dollar or two
 Then you go around the bend, and when you come back again
 Your jug is full of that good old mountain dew

My brother Bill, has a still on the hill
 Where he runs off a gallon or two
 The buzzards in the sky, get so drunk they can't fly
 Just from smelling that good old mountain dew.

Now my cousin Mort, he is sawed off and short
 Only measures bout four foot two
 But he thinks he's a giant, when you give him a pint
 Of that good old mountain dew.

My old aunt June, bought some brand new perfume
 And it had such a sweet smelling phew
 But to her surprise, when she had it analized
 It was nothing but good old mountain dew.

The flask gets so thick, that it makes you feel sick
 When you've been on a rail cut or two
 But you'll never abort, if they'll give you a snort
 Of that good old mountain dew.

BLOOD ON YOUR TUNIC

65

An Air Force Lieutenant to Pusan did stole
 He'd just come back from a raid on Seoul
 When an old MP Sgt said, "Pardon me, sir
 Theres' blood on your tunic and mud on your knees."

Chorus: La de a, La de a
 Ther's blood on your tunic
 and mud on your knees

Now look here Sgt, you bloody damn fool
 I've just come back from a raid on Seoul
 Where ack ack is flying and comforts are few
 And brave men are dying for bastards like you

Now the old MP Sgt said, Pardon, me sir,
 But on the Lt. I meant no slur
 But the girls down in pusan are hard to please
 With blood on your tunic and mud on your knees!"

To the Po river valley we're going
For to gut us some trains and some tracks
But if I had my say-so about it
I'd still be back home in the sack

Come and sit by my side at the briefing
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
To the Po river valley we're going
And I'm flying four in flight blue.

We went for to check on the weather
And they said it was clear as can be
Now I lost my wingman 'round the field
And the rest augered in out at sea.

S-2 said ther's no flak where we're going
S-2 said there's no flak on the way
There's a dark overcast o'er the target
I'm begining to doubt what they say

A spitfire went by like a whirlwind
And a mustang went by like a breeze
And a C-46 with one feathered
Went by towing five L-3's.

To the Po river valley we're going
And many strange sights we will see
But the one there that held my attention
Was the flak that they threw up at me.

FAREWELL TO ANTUNG UNIVERSITY

67

Farewell to Antung University, I have risen to reality
Forty thousand is no place for me, with MIG-15's in the vicinity
With cannon balls flying all around, Makes me wish that I'd stayed on
the ground,
I should join the infantry, or take the Navy and go out to sea.

Where did red leader go, when I called out "Bingo"
That's what I'd like to know, just where in the hell did he go
He called "Red flight, BREAK RIGHT," all I did was tuck in tight
He climbed up in the sun and that's where the fun begun!

Flashes behind me, flashes around
Flashes above me, and flashes on the gound.
I called "Red leader, where in the hell did you roam?"
Clear yourself and ride the mach cause I am going home!"

Bless them all, Bless them all
 The needle, the airspeed the ball
 Bless all the instructors
 Who taught me to fly
 Sent me up to solo and left me to die
 So if ever your blow jet should stall
 You're due for one hell of a fall
 No lillies or violets for dead fighter pilots
 So cheer up my lads, Bless them all

Bless them all, Bless them all
 The long and the short and the tall
 Bless all the sergeants
 The sour puss ones
 Bless all the Corporals and their dopey sons
 Cause we're saying goodbye to them all
 The long and the short and the tall
 There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean
 So while we are here bless them all

CHITOSE BLUES
 (Tune-Cigaretts nad Whiskey)

69

Once I was happy and had a dear wife
 I had enough Yen to last me for life
 I met a josan who was on the make
 The bath it was hot and the Josan was too
 If you go to Asmuchi my boys your are through

I went to my room, some sleep for to get
 She said no sleep boy, with me ther's no sweat
 I woke the next morning at quarter past ten
 She says, "Hey Yankee, that's four thousand Yen."

I'm back in Chitose where we sing and we shout!
 Me and the Doc are sweating it out
 He gave me some pills from a jug on the shelf.
 Then he poured out a dozen or two for himself.

Chorus:

Cigaretts and Saki and wild wild Josans
 They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
 Cigaretts and Saki and wild wild Josans
 They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane

KUNI-RI AND ANTUNG
(Tune - Cigaretts and Whiskey)

70

Once I was happy and had a good deal
Flew Fox-Eighty-Sixed at old Victorville
They asked for a volunteer, said, "I'll take you"
The next thing I knew I was stuck in Taegu.

Chorus: Kuni-ri and Antung, and wild wild Pyong-yang
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Quad fifties and forties and one hundred sorties
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane

We go down to briefing while it is still night
We lift off the runway before it is light
We form in the gloom and we're off on our way
We're over the target before it is day.

We're up to the Yalu, there's cons overhead
We think of the Wheels who are snug in their beds
We drop our big tips and we break to the right
"Josie" we cry with all of our might.

We steer on 280, we're up in the soup
We swear that the leader is doing a loop
Break out in the clear and set down on K-2
Be careful or willie will write about you.

Oh the chosen is frozen and all wet with ice
From thirty-five thousand she looks mighty nice
Bus ask a foot soldier and he'll set you plumb straight
It's covered with Reds blood imbeded with hate.

Oh the MIG is a blot on the whole human race
A man is a monkey to give one a chase
Here's my description, take warning dear brother
There's fire on one end, but cannons on the other.

Went up to MIG alley, S-2 said "No sweat"
If I hadn't looked 'round, I'd be up there yet
Six MIG's jumped our ass, and the leader yelled "BREAK"
Got back to K-10, how my knees they did shake.

If I fly a hundred and they ask for more
I'll tell them to jam it, my ass is too sore
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care
Just give me a Wing Job, a desk and a chair.

I went on my mission to cut a rail track
They said, "There's no sweat 'cause ther ain't any flak"
But the guns from that place would make day out of night
Oh god how I wish all I did was dog fight

Oh it's up to the Yalu in my flying machine
 The Sui-Ho Reservoir is plainly seen
 But MIG's out of Antung send sweat down my back
 So I head towards Kanggye and get shot down by flak.

I grabbed those two handles and squeezed---what a sound
 A kick in the ass, soon I'm floating towards ground
 I shoed them by blood shit, they said, "No sweat Mac"
 They hand me an A frame, now I'm walking back.

HUTCH'S BALLAD (Tune-Sure a Little Bit of Heaven)

71

Sure, our target it was bunkers
 Way out in the hills so grand
 Located in Korea, right next to no mans land
 Our fans now they were G.I.'s
 And they thought our Mustangs grand
 As we circled o'er the target
 Watching "Willie Peter" land

But our controller was neurotic
 Near the ground he wouldn't go
 We toggled off our babies
 And we watched them hit below
 He had placed his rockets wildly
 And he'd fouled the whole damn show
 But when we got the grading
 Sure it was Zero - Zero

Sure, a little bit of airplane fell
 From out the sky one day
 It landed west of Pyongyang
 Not very far away
 Comet Red won't be coming back
 It made us very blue
 But we went on to our target
 And we dropped our babies true.

So we sprinkled it with fifties
 Just to keep their heads down low
 Then we hurried back to S-2
 To lie about our show
 When you read it in the papers
 All about the 18th's capers
 You will know it's propaganda
 For old Barcus, Bless his soul.

Now the Cuckoo is a strange bird
 It sits on the grass
 With its wings neatly folded
 and its beak up its ass
 From this strange position
 It seldom does flit
 For it's hard to say "Cuckoo"
 With a beak full of ----Sweet Violets etc.

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOTS ASS
 (Tune-Throw a nickel on the Drum)

73

It was midnight in Korea
 All the pilots were in bed
 When up stepped Colonel _____
 And this is what he said.
 "Sabres, gentle Sabres, Sabres one and all
 Pilots, Gentle Pilots, And all the pilots BALLS
 When up stepped a young Lieutenant
 With a voice as harch as brass
 You can take those God Damn Sabre Jets and shove them up your ass."

Cruising down the Yalu, doing six-twenty per
 There came a call from the Major, Oh won't you save me sir
 Got three big flak holes in my wings, my tanks ain't got no gas
 Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, got six MIG's on my ass.

I shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right
 The airspeed read one-thirty, my God I racked it tight
 The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze
 Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, spin instructions please.

Fouled up my crosswind landing, the left wing hit the ground
 There came a call from the tower, pull up and go around
 I racked that Sabre in the air a dozen feet or more
 The engine quit, I almost shit, the gear came through the floor.

Split S onto my bomb run, I got too God Damn low
 I pressed the bloody button, Let both my babies go
 I sucked the stick back in my gut, I hit a high speed stall
 Now I won't see my mother when the works all done this fall

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said "Skoshe ack ack"
 But by the time I got there, my wings were holed by flak
 My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly
 Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I am too young to die

I bailed out from the Sabre, my landing was top line
 With my E and E equipment, I made for our front line
 When I opened up my ration time, to see what was in it
 My God Damn Quartermaster, had filled the thing with shit.

(Cont.)

SAVE THE FIGHTER PILOTS ASS (Cont.)

Now in this Commie prison camp, I am obliged to sit
For one cannot go very far, on a ration tin of shit
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly
But I'll have Quartermaster bollix, for breakfast till I die.

Chorus: Oh Halleluia, Oh Halleluia, Throw a nickel on the grass
Save fighter pilots ass
oh Halleluia, Oh Halleluia, Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved

Oh, while rolling down the runway, and headed for the ditch
I looked down at my prop, My God it's in high pitch
I pulled back on the stick, and rose into the air
Glory, Glory Halleluia, How did I get there.

The boys up from the other group, they think they are so hot
They brag about the "Bluetails", that they've so often shot
One thing they don't remember, when are they holler and hoot
Is to look into their mirror, just before they shoot.

I hear we're leaving Europe, they say we're going home
They tell us no more wandering, never more we'll roam
But the Colonels up at Langley, are planning on the sly
Just where they're gonna send us, on our next TDY.

I started on my takeoff, I thought the flaps were down
But when I pulled the gear up, the dive brake scraped the ground
The General he smiled at me, he thought it was great fun
But then I met the FEB, Chitose here I come.

We flew our Sabres through the war, we flew them far and fast
But when the war was over, we knew it couldn't last
They sent our old instructions, to teach us all their tricks
So now we're flying training, behind those dirty pricks.

Letting down frm forty-four, busting through mach:
That Sabre Jet was moving now , falling like a rock
My boom was aimed right at the field, there was an awful sound
Since we're flying training now, I'm sitting on the ground.

I started up into a loop, I thought that I was clear
I pulled up under Colonel Blood, I thought the end was near
I went before the F.E.B., and they gave me the works
Gory, Glory Halleluia, what a bunch of jerks.

Strafin' on the panel, I made my pass too low
There came a call from Melrose, "One more and home you go"
I pulled that Sabre in the blue, she hit a high speed stall
Now I won't see my mother, when the work's all done this fall

Now I'm in the gutter, with pretzles in my beer
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near
Then came this glorious Air Force, to save me from the worst
Everybody bust a butt and sing the second verse.

PUSAN U
(Tune - Sioux City Sue)

74

We were roaming round the country side, 'Twas down near Pusan bay
We stepped into a local bar
To pass the time away
I met a gal from old Chin Ju
She was a sight to view
I asked her where she came from
and she said, "Pusan U."

Chorus: Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
The finest school in all the land
The University that's grand
Oh pusan U, Oh Pusan U
I hail my Alma Mater
Oh Pusan, to you

I enrolled in that great college
Founded by Kim Pac Su
'Twas built of honey buckets
So they called it Pusan U
The smell it was terrific
But fortune saw me through
So now I lift this glass
to the school of Pusan U

Chorus: Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
Your course is good for engineers
A-frames, ox carts pulled by steers
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
I hail my Alma Mater
Oh Pusan, to you

I saw a girl most beautiful
She was a sight to view
She won a beauty contest
She was crowned Miss Pusan U
They spotted her in Hollywood
Now she's a star there too
When asked to what she owes her fame, She says, "Oh Pusan U."

REPEAT FIRST CHORUS:

We have an A-1 baseball team
We win our games straight through
They ask us where we come from
And we say, Pusan U.
We have a pitcher who is tops
Our batters are good too
And very time we come to bat
The crowd yells, "Pusan U."

REPEAT SECOND CHORUS:

STRAFIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN
(Tune - She'll be Comin Round the Mountain)

75

Now listen all you airmen young and old
To the tale of Fighter Pilots young and bold
With their fighters painted yellow
Leaping off to contact Mellow
In the crisp Korean air so blue and cold.

It was dive bomb old Sinuiju, stop the Reds
Eight one thousand pounders loader, instand heads
Four birds lined up on the runway
Wish I'd gone to church on Sunday
Hope we catch those lousy Commies in their beds

Twenty thousand over Pyongyang on Northwest
Gas Mask flight about to face the acid test
Till at last the Yalu River
Which makes my liver quiver
With flak guns lined up twenty-four abreast.

Dusty clouds roll up from Antung cross the way
Twenty swept wing Chinese War birds out to play
Thirty-sevens, twenty-threes
All lit up like Christmas trees
Tip tanks salvoed off we leap into the fray.

Kimpo tower clear the pattern in great haste
Twenty victory roll our pilots do with grace
It was thrilling, it was hairy
Near that privilidged sanctuary
Synghman Rhee will soon be president of this place.

Kimpo tower this is Gas Mask Willie Four
I am heading hime, I'm through with this damn war
Cause they're sending back to Moscow for some more

A NAVY PRAYER

76

Our father, who art in Washington
Truman is thy name
The Navy's done
the Air Force won
On the Atlantic, as in the Pacific
Give us this day, our appropriations
And forgive us our accusations
As we forgive our accusers
Lead us not into temptation
But deliver us from Matthew and Johnson
For thine is the power
the B-36 and the Air Force
Forever and ever. Airmen

Prelude: There was a ball a bloody great ball, the ball of Kerrie Muir
Four and twent prostitutes shaggin on the moor

Oh the King was in his counting house, counting out his wealth
The Queen was in the bed room, playing with herself.

Chorus: Singing I'll do ye this time, I'll dee it noo
The mon that did it last night, could na do it noo

Oh the bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom
The vagina not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb
Oh the parsons wife she was ther, seated down in front
A wreath of rosses around her neck, a carrot up her cunt.

Oh the village parson he was there, and very surprised to see
Four and twent maidenheads hanging from a tree.

Oh the parsons daughter she was ther, she had them all in fits
Diving off the mantlepiece, and landing on her tits.

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the ricks
You could na hear the music for the slushing of the pricks
They were fucking in the barley, fucking in the oats
Some were fucking sheep and some were fucking goats

Oh the village blacksmith, he was there, his hammer and his awls
Talking to the queen and showing off his balls

They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs
You could na see the carpets for the come and curly hairs

The village idiot he was there, a making like a fool
Pulling his foreskin over his head and whistling through his tool.
Plowman Jack he was there, the bugger would na dance
Sitting with a hard on, and waiting for his chance.

The fierey Colonel he was ther, he'd fit amongst the Boers
He jumped upon the table and shouted for the shores
The village cripple he was ther, he couldna do ver much
So he laid them on the carpet, and he fucked them with is crutch

The chimneysweep and he was the there, we had to put him oot
For every time he farted, he filled the room with soot
The village postman he was there, he had a dose of pox
He couldna fuck his lassie so he fucked the letter box
And when the ball was over, and the folks went home to rest
They said they enjoyed the music, but the fucking was the best.
CHORUS:

THE Village smithy he was there, he wouldn't play the games
He frigged a lassie fourteen times, before he finally came

Twass the gathering of the clan, And all the lads were there
A grabbin' all the lassies and friggin' without a care.

The persian kitten perfumed and fair
 Stepped out in the garden to get some air
 A tom ct lanky, lean, and long
 Dirty and yellow came along
 He sniffed at the perfumed persian cat
 As she walked by with much eclat
 Thinking of a little time to pass
 Whispered, "Kitten, you sure got class"
 Now fitting and proper the kitten replied
 As she arched one whisker over her eye
 "I've been raised on lillows of silk,
 Never drank nothing but certified milk"
 Oh I should be happy with all that I got
 I should be happy, but happy I am not
 I should be happy, happy indeed.
 For you see I'm highly pedigreed"
 Cheer up said the tom cat with a smile
 Just trust your new found friend for awhile
 You don't have to leave your own back fence
 For kitten all you need is experience
 Tales of joy he then unfurled
 As he told her the story of the ourside world
 Then suggested with a luried laugh
 That they take a little trip down the primrose path
 Morning after the night before
 When the kitten returned at the hour of four
 The innocent look on her eye had went
 And the smile on her face was the smile of content
 Months later when the came
 To vie those kittens of edigreed fame
 They weren't persian, they were black and tan
 And she told 'em that their father was a travelin' man
 A rack em up, shack em up travelin' man.

TATOOED LADY
 (Tune-My Indiana Home)

79

I married me a tatooed lady
 To roam around her body was a treat
 And every night before retireing
 I'd pull the covers back and take a peek
 Around her waist was Pennsylvania, and on her hip was Tennessee
 And tatooed on her back was dear old Hackensack
 From the state of New Jerisy
 Now on her chest was West Virginia
 Through those hills I loved to roam
 But when I saw the moonlight shining on the wabash
 Then I recognized my Indiana home.

CALL OUT THE ARMY AND THE NAVY

M Monday I touched her on the ankle
Tuesday I touched her on the knee
Wednesday with success, I lifted up her dress
Thursday her chemise, Gor Blimey
Friday I put my hand upon it
Saturday night she gave me balls a tweak
And Sunday after supper, I rammed the old boy up her
And now I'm paying seven bob a week, Gor Blimey

Chorus: I don't want to join the Army
I don't want to go to war
I just want to hang around
Picadilly around
Living of the earnings of a high born lady
Don't want a bullet up my arse hole
Don't want me buttocks shot away
I'd rather be in England
In Jolly Jolly England
And fornicate me bloody life away

Call out the army and the Navy
Call out the rank and file
Call out the royal territorials
They face danger with a smile
Call out the boys of the old brigade
That made old England free
You can call out me Mother
Me sister and me Brother
But for God's sake don't call me, Gor Blimey.

TAEГУ GIRLS

We are from Taegu, Taegu are we
We don't believe in virginity --- Oh horse-shit
We don't use candles we use broom handles
We are the Taegu girls

And every night at twelve on the clock
We watch the white man piss on the ROK
We like the way he handles his cock
We are the Taegu girls.

And every year at our annual dance
We go around without any pants
We like to give those pilots a chance
We are the Taegu, talk about your Taegu, We are the taegu girls.

She was sweet sixteen, she was the village queen
Pur and innocent was Angeline
She never had a thrill, was a virgin still
Poor little Angeline.

Now at the village fair, the Squire was there
Masturbating on the village square
When he chanced to see, the dainty little knee
Of poor little Angeline.

So he raised his hat, and he said your cat
Has been ridden o'er and smashed quite flat
But it isn't far, and I've got my car
Poor little Angeline.

Now they hadn't gone far, when he stopped the car
And dragged her into the nearest bar
Where he filled her with gin, to tempt her to sin
Poor little Angeline.

When he'd filled her quite well, he dragged her to a dell
Where he attempted to give her hell
By trying his luck, at a low down fuck
With poor little Angeline

With a cry of rape, he raised he cape
Poor little girlie there was no escape
Unless someone came, to save the name
Of poor little Angeline.

Now the blacksmith bold, had a heart of gold
Been her lover for years untold
And he promised to be true, and faithful too
Poor little Angeline.

But sad to say, on that very same day
He'd been sent to jail and there to stay
For coming in his pants at the local dance
With poor little Angeline

Now the window of his cell, overlooked the dell
Wherein the squire was giving her hell
As they lay on the grass, he recognized the ass
Of poor little Angeline.

So with a mighty start, and a hearty fart
He blew the prison bars wide apart
And he ran like shit, lest the squire should split
Poor little Angeline.

When he got to the spot, and saw what was what
He tied the villain's pinis in a knot
As he lay upon his guts, he got a kick in the guts
From poor little Angeline.

THE RIVER RAN RED
(Tune- Titanic)

8'

Number one was having fun, number two got quite a few
Number four got some more as he said
"Oh the river ran red with blood of the dead
As we came around and tried to get some more".

The road was full of ruts, and the ruts were full of guts
Little children sucking tits had them shot right from their mits
Oh the river ran red with blood of the dead
As we came around and tried to get some more

There was a women in the crowd, little children cried aloud
But they all carried guns for the foe
There were some who turned around, when they heard that awful sound
As we came around and tried to get some more.

Oh it seemed an awful crime, as we shot them in their prime
But they got number three don't you see
Yes they shot him down with flak, and they broke is bloody back
As we came around and tried to get some more.

Number one was having fun, number two got quite a few
Number four got some more as he said
"Oh the river ran red with blood of the dead
As we came around and tried to get some more.

STRAFERS

84

When I was a cadet, an innocent lad
The Chaplin told me the good from the bad
And of all his words, these were his last
Never fly high and never fly fast.

So I joined up the strafers with these words in mind
And off to New Guinea did go
But when I got there I was to find
The strafers fly too gosh darn low....Oh.

We fly o'er the treetops with inches to spare
There's smoke in the cockpit and grey in our hair
The tracers look fine as strafing we go
But brother you're flying just too gosh darn low.

MIG 15
(Tune- I t'ought I taw a Puttycat)

85

I t'ought I taw a MIG-15, a tweeping up on me
Idid, I did, I taw him, As big as he could be.

I am that great big MIG-15, Ivan is my name
And if I catch that '84, I'll shoot him down in flame.

Then up and spoke a sailors wife
 And she was dressed in green
 And in one corner of her funny little thing
 She had a submarine
 She had a submarine my boys
 With conning tower complete
 And in the other corner she had half the fucking fleet.

Chorus: She had those dark and dreamy eyes
 With a whiz bang up he nighty
 Singing Hi Jack, come and have a skin back
 Come and have a bang at Liza, singing
 Old soldiers never die, they just smell that way.

Then up and spoke the gunners wife
 And she was full of fun
 And in one corner of her funny little thing
 She had a vickers gun
 She had a vickers gun my boys
 With the breech block and the sear
 And in the other corner she had provisions for a year

Then up and spoke the pilots wife
 And she was chewing gum
 And in one corner of her funny little thing
 She had a fifty-one
 She had a fifty-one my boys
 Two napalms and six guns
 And in the other corner she had rockets by the tons

They up and spoke the skippers wife
 She was dressed in black
 And in one corner of her funny little thing
 She had a fishing smack
 She had a fishing smack my boys
 The oarlocks and the oars
 And in the other corner she had bags and bags of sores.

Then up and spoke the jockey's wife
 And she was dressed in red
 And in one corner of her funny little thing
 She had a horses head
 She had a horses head my boys
 The bridle and the bit
 And in the other corner she had bags and bags of shit.

Then up and spoke the brewers wife
 And she was dressed in gray
 And in one corner of her funny little thing
 She had a brewers dray
 She had a brewers dray my boys
 The barrels and the beer
 And in the other corner she had syph and ghonnorhea.

ON TOP OF OLD PYONGYANG
(Tune- On Top of Old Smokey)

87

On top of old Pyongyang, all covered with flak
I lost my poor wingman, he'll never come back
For flying is pleasure, and dying is grief
And a quick triggered commie, is worse than a thief

For a thief will just rob you, and take all you save
But the quick triggered commie, will send you to the grave
And the grave will destroy you, and turn you to dust
Not one MIG in a thousand, A Sabre Jet can trust.

Now when the bad weather, keeps the ships down
All day we can hear, this horrible sound
Attention all pilots, now listen to this
There'll be a short meeting, That you dare not miss.

They'll give us some lectures, then give us some more
But we have all heard them, twenty-five times or more
Now listen you trainees, you can't fight the group
Whatever they tell you, is superfluous poop.

ON TOP OF OLD FUJI

88

On top of old Fuji, all covered with snow
I lost my jet pilot, from flying too low
He put on an air show, he did it for me
On top of Mt Fuji, he clobbered a tree
With throttle wide open, he made his last pass
At altitude zero, he busted his ass.

RED NOSE MIGS
(Tune- Shrimp Boats)

89

Oh the red nose MIG's are comin'
Not a Sabre in sight
Oh the red nose MIG's are comin'
And they want to fight

Let's hurry, hurry, hurry home
Oh won't you hurry, hurry, hurry home
Oh the red nose MIG's are comin'
Not a Sabre in sight.

The crew they all ride in the dory
 The captain he rides in the gig
 It don't go a damn bit faster
 But it makes the old bastard feel big

Chorus: Singing toraly toraly toraly a
 Toraly toraly A
 It don't go a damn bit faster
 But it makes the old bastard fell big

The sexual life of a camel
 Is greater than anyone thinks
 In moments of amorous passion
 He often makes love to the sphinx.

Now the sphinx's posterier organs
 Are blocked by the sands of the Nile
 Which accounts for the hump on the camel
 And the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Exhaustive experimentation
 By Darwin and Huxley and Hall
 Has proved that the ass of a hedgehog
 Can hardly be buggered at all.

Oh why don't the boys down at Harvard
 Do like the boys down at Yale
 They pull all the quills from the hedgehog
 So it's easy to grab by the tail.

Here's to the girls of North Adams
 And here's to the streets that they roam
 And here's to their dirty faced bastards
 God bless them they may be our own.

Here's to old Fort Massachusetts
 And here's to the old Mohawk trail
 And here's to the Indian maidens
 They gave us our first piece of tail.

OLD BEER BOTTLES

91

It was only an old beer bottle
 Floating on the foam
 It was only an old beer bottle
 Ten thousand miles from home
 Inside was a piece of paper
 With these words written on
 Whoever finds this bottle
 Will find the beer all gone.

The hippopotamus so it seems, seldom if ever has wet dreams
 But when he does, he comes in streams
 As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Chorus: Cats on the roof tops, cats on the tiles
 Cats with the syphilis, cats with the piles
 Cats with their ass holes wreathed in smiles
 As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Down in the Pampas, down in the grass, mama armadillo has an iron bound ass
 But papa armadillo has a prick of brass
 As we revel in the joys of copulation

Way down south where the alligators roar
 There isn't such a thing as an alligator whore
 Cause all the alligators are too sore
 As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Oh the elephant is a funny old bloke
 Who very seldom gets his poke
 But when he does he dips it quick
 As we revel in the joys of copulation.

_____ is a friend of mine
 His dub he very seldom pounds
 But when he does the alls resound
 As we revel in the joys of copulation.

POOR BUT HONEST

93

Oh she was poor but she was honest
 The victim of a rich mans whim
 When she met that southern gentleman Big Jim Folsom
 And she had a child by him

Now he sits in the Legislature
 Making laws for all mankind
 While she walks the streets of Dothan Alabama
 Selling chunks of her behind

It's the rich what gets the glory
 It's the poor what gets the blame
 It's the same the whole world over - over over
 Now ain't that a God Damn shame.

Salvation Army, Salvation Army
 Standing on the corner in the night, night, night
 Beating on your drum with your finger up your bung
 Singing mama hold my pee-pee while I pee.

Sergeant Major, Sergeant Major
 Standing in your uniform so bright bright bright
 Saluting with your hand with your bollix in the sand
 Singing Corporal hold my pee-pee while I pee.

Naughty Baby, Naughty Baby
 Keeping all the neighbors up at night, night, night
 Standing on your head in the middle of the bed
 Singing mama hold my pee-pee while I pee

General Barcus, General Barcus
 Looking at your stars so big and bright, bright, bright
 Coming down the hill singing Colonel have a thrill
 Singing Colonel hold my pee-pee while I pee.

Piper Laurie, Piper Laurie
 Having skoshie chop-chop at the club, club, club
 As I gaze into your eyesand by pee-pee starts to rise
 Singing Piper hold my pee-pee while I pee.

ACE IN THE HOLE

95

Oh the world is full of guys, who think they're mighty wise
 Just because they know a thing or two
 You can see them night a day strolling up and down broadway
 Telling of the things that they can do
 Oh there are wise men and there are boozers
 Con men and crap shooters, they all hang around the metropole
 Wearing fancy ties and collars, where do they get those dollars
 They all have that ace down in the hole.

Some of them write to the old folks for coins,
 That's their old ace in the hole
 Others have girls on the old tender-loin
 That's their old ace in the hole
 They'll tell you of places that they're going to see
 From Frisco to the old north pole
 But their name would be mud, like a chump playing stud
 If they lost that old ace in the hole.

I looked upon the schedule and was as happy as a king
For once I had a mission when I wasn't flying wing
I went down to the briefing room and my tiger blood went ping
For there sat Major Nichols and they had me on his wing
For there sat Major Nichols and they had me on his wing.

The mission was all briefed to go at quarter after nine
Big Dog had given us all the poop, the weather it was fine
"One word of advice" he said to us, "Though I hate to spoil your fun
Stay out from in front of the MIG-15, it's got too big a gun
Stay out from in front of the MIG-15, it's got too big a gun.

We were augerin' around away up there as watchful as could be
Reichman said, "Take a look at six and see what you can see."
I took a look at six o'clock and much to my surprise
I discovered a MIG-15, right before my eyes
I discovered a MIG-15, right before my eyes.

The cannon balls were flying around as thick as they could be
I took one look and said, says I, this ain't the place for me
I rolled it over and sucked it through and took it down below
Sayin' get out of here with that BOOM BOOM BOOM and don't come back no more
Sayin' get out of here with that BOOM BOOM BOOM and don't come back no more.

I shoved the throttle to the wall a runnin' for my life
Skelton said, "Come back you coward and join into the strife."
"Your ass," said I with quaking voice, "This ain't no place for me."
So I racked it up and pulled it around and took it out to sea
So I racked it up and pulled it around and took it out to sea.

I rolled it out of that six G turn out over the briny deep
That MIG could not have followed me cause I sure racked it steep
But when I looked back, Oh there he sat, as fat as he could be
And he was shooting those cannon balls, and they were coming right at me
And he was shooting those cannon balls, and they were coming right at me.

I took a hit upon the wing, another in the tail
The way that Sabre was lurchin' around I'd surely have to bail
I braced myself and said a prayer and pulled the handle red
Oh, if I hadn't gotten out of the flaming wreck, I surely wound up dead
Oh, if I hadn't gotten out of the flaming wreck, I surely wound up dead.

The moral of this story is, if you're up in a fight
And you've got a MIG at six o'clock, and he's all tucked in tight
Don't ever roll out or pull it up, that's my advice to you
Cause you'll never get rid of the Son of a Bitch, no matter what you do
Cause you'll never get rid of the Son of a Bitch, no matter what you do.

SPOT PROMOTION
(Tune- Cold Cold Heart)

97

I've tried, so hard my friend, to think
That rank was worth a lot
But now you've gone and got yourself
Promoted to a spot
Your job is one that could be done
By any PFC
How can I get your ass shipped out
And get that spot for me.

You'll be a full bird soon, my friend
Of that I have no doubt
The T/O's being changed right now
They ripped it inside out
Lieutenant General, Wing CO
The staff all gets one star
At least we'll have some rank around
To help us fight the war.

Another week or two in grade
We'll put you in again
You needn't wait to learn your job
That's for enlisted men
The only thing I envy is
The talent that you got
How can I get your ass shipped out
And get your open spot.

AIN'T IT A BLOODY SHAME
(Tune- Poor but Honest)

98

We were fat back in the Truman's
Drink beer, and sometimes wine
When they said, "You're going over
To Korea's fighting line."

We were young and we were eager
To get one hundred and go home
But they slipped the finger to us
And left us here - far o'er the foam

Now they sit in FEAF Headquarters
Mking rules so much unkind
It's the same the whole world over
Isn't it a bloody shame

Shed a tear when you think of us
Sitting here on old K-2
While you sleep with all our sweethearts
As we fly the old ~~Kalu~~.

EARLY ABORT
(Tune: MacMamara's Band)

99

Oh, my name is Colonel _____, I'm the leader of the group
Just step into my briefing room, I'll give you all the poop
I'll tell you where the Commie is, and where the flak is black
I'll be the last one off the deck, I'll be the first one back.

Chorus: Early abort, avoid the rush, early abort, avoid the rush
Early abort, avoid the rush
Oh my name is Colonel _____, I'm the leader of the group.

My name is Major _____ and I lead old liberty
And if I go on rail cuts, my boys will follow me
But if you say Pyong-Yang, I'll tell you what I'll do
Get into your plane and go ahead, and I'll wait here for you

I'm sure you've heard of nightmares, and the things they do
But if you'll come down to the line, you'll see they're far from true
The pilots they are ready, but let the skipper shout
And all those bastards yell at once, "My mags they won't check out!"

And they I'm sure you know of the leaders in the wing
Any night in the O Club you can hear how well they sing
With words they fight a hell of a war, they say they wanta go too
But just you give them half a chance, and here's what they will do.

Oh I fly the old Invader, and Douglas says it's great
But when it comes to fighting MIG's, those bastards don't rate
I was born to be a fighter, to grapple in the blue
But when it comes to fighting MIG's, I'll tell you what I'll do

Now we'll all line up and take off, and set our course at ten
And when we reach the no return, we'll all turn back again
We'll call the tower and get a steer, we don't know where we've been
Drop your tanks and canopies, peel off and belling in.

Oh we fly those bloody Sabres at a hundred bloody feet
We can fly them in the rain and fog, and in the bloody sleet
We think we're flying bloody south, instead we're bloody north
And we make our bloody landfall at the Firth and bloody Forth.

O we fly those bloody Sabres at a hundred bloody feet
We can fly them in the rain and fog, and the bloody sleet
And when we're flying bloody high, we're flying bloody low
And we hit the marker beacon such an awful bloody blow.

Now when this war is over and we're back in the U. S. A.
We'll fly the planes in all war games, and do what the Generals say
But if we have another war and they give us the "86
To hell with all the genel staffs, we won't get in that fix.

THE FAIRCHILD ABORTION
(Tune- Strawberry Roan)

100

Out on the flight line one cold Sunday morn
Sat the Fairchild Abortion all battered and torn
The wings were sagging, the tires were flat
The form one had a red line, I'll bet you on that

We fired up both engines with mixtures full rich
And took to the runway with that son of a bitch
We puched on the power, she farted and stalled
And got off the runway, no airspeed at all.

We called to the tower, "Single Engine," we say
"What the hell," said the tower, "We got them all day"
"GO around," said the tower, "We can't let you land
We got Gooks on the runway dragging off sand.

We milked up the flaps, and rolled in the trim
Over the tree tops that old wreck she did skim
We turned on final and free fell the gear
The engineer murmured, "Please have no fear".

The pilot was scared, the Co-pilot too
The engineer had all he could do
The runway was coming and coming up fast
On third of the runway had already passed

We pulled off power and she settled in fast
That one-twenty-three had landed at alst.

BLACKBIRDS
(Tune- Bye Bye Blackbird)

101

Here we stand on the ground
We won't take off till the sun goes down
We fly blackbirds
Go in low and come out fast
Keep those fighters off our ass
We fly Blackbirds.

No one here can ever understand us
You should here the malarky they hand us
Mix those drinks and mix em right
Because we're standing down tonight
Blackbirds we fly.

DIRTY LIL

102

Dirty Lil, Dirty Lil
Lives on top of garbage hill
Never took a bath
Never will
Ach! Ptui! Dirty Lil.

In ancient days there lived a maid
 Who used to ply a filthy trade
 A prostitute of ill repute
 The harlot of Jeruselem

Chorus: Hi Ho Kathuselem the harlot of Jeruselem
 Hi Ho Kathuselem the daughter of the Rabbi

Kathuselem's snatch was bold and bare
 Upon her gash there grew no hair
 For hair won't grow on the thorofare
 Like the snatch of old Kathuselem.

Kathuselems' cunt was round and red
 For forty years it had not bled
 It smelled as though it had been dead
 Since the founding of Jeruselem.

No Kathuselem was a wiley witch
 A god damn fucking son of a bitch
 And every pecker that had the itch
 Had dangled in Kathuselem.

Next door there lived a giant tall
 Hiss prick of steel could smash a wall
 His balls hung down like basketballs
 The giant of old Jeruselem.

One night returning from a spree
 A quite consistant jubilee
 His balls hung well below his knees
 He chanced to cros Kathuselem
 And so he challanged her to fuck
 And wicking her the best of luck
 He led her to a shady nook
 And there unfurled his mighty hook

He led her to a shady nook
 And there unfurled his mighty hook
 For forty yards it throbbed and shook
 The walls of old Jeruselem

This giant of old was underslung
 He missed her cunt and hit her bung
 And with his giant pecker stung
 The pride of all Jeruselem.

Kathuselem she knew her art
 She cocked her ass and blew a fart
 She blew him like a bloody dart
 Through the walls of old Jeruselem.
 And there he lay a broken mass
 His cock all bent with shit and gas
 And Kathuselem got up and wiped her ass
 All over the walls of Jerluselem.

I drove a herd of oxen down
Till I reached old Bong Chong Way
And there I met a gook girl
Who said she'd like to play
Her clothes were of a dirty blue
Her hands and feet were too
I asked her what her name was
She said, "Seoul City Sue."

Chorus: Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue
Your hair is black, your eyes are too
I'd swap my honey cart for you
Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue
No one smells of Kimchie
Like my sweet Seoul City Sue

Oh, Korea, I must admit
I owe a lot to you
I came here from America
To find Seoul City Sue
Someday I'll take her back with me
And by her perfumes too
So people can't be singing
"Here comes Seoul City Sue."

LOOK AT THE EARS ON HIM

105

I heard they wanted men to fight as aviators hold
So I went down, Held up my hand, and this is what they told
"You'll go to Kelly Field and learn to navigate the sky"
When I got there I was SOL for this is how I fly.

Chorus: Look at the ears on him, on him
Oh! How do you get that way?
That was the greeting I received as I marched in today
First they put me into the kitchen, KP was my name
I wrote my girl that I was a flier
Gee! but I'm a wonderful liar
Look at the ears on him, on him
Oh! How do you get that way?
That is the only battle cry I hear both night and day
If I'm to fight in this great war and end the Kaisers reign
They'd better take up me kettles and pans
And give me an aeroplane.

I've peeled a million spuds since I've been in this flying game
I've swung a pick and shovel, till my weary back is lame
I've navigated lots of ground but not an inch of sky
And when I ask about aeroplanes, I hear the same old cry.

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh the place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
They are off on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
They are all across the bay, getting shot at every day
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan.

Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray
They are all in USO's wearing ribbons, fancy clothes
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray.

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
The automatic pilot's on, reading novels in the john
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce.

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged, and his women overaged
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare,

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
The place is full of brass, sitting round on their fat ass
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing.

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the population
Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice.

Oh look at the 388th in the club
Oh look at the 388th in the club
They don't party, they don't sing, 386th does everything
Oh look at the 388th in the club.

When a bomber jockey walks into our club
When a bomber jockey walks into our club
He don't drink his share of suds, all he does is flub his dub
OH THERE IS NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL.

TOAST TO THE BLUE ANGELS
(Tune- This Old House)

107

This ole team gonna need revision
This ole team gonna need a crew
This ole team has thrived on gimmicks
Have you seen our pink and blue
This ole team has frosty tailpipes
This ole team has lost its charm
And the captain said the other day
My boys, you've bought the farm.

Ain't gonna need this team no longer
Ain't gonna need this team no more
Ain't got time to learn the diamond
Ain't got time to learn the score
Ain't got nerve to do a bomb burst
Or a plane to do the roll
And were looking for the PIO
Who got us in the hole.

This ole team can't fly in weather
This ole team can't fly in rain
This ole team is out of pints of blue
We're called old yellow stain
This ole team is getting lonesome
This ole team has gone astray
And we're just five angel puddy cats
Awaitin' judgement day.

Ain't gonna need this team no longer
Ain't gonna need this team no more
Ain't got time to be a tiger
Ain't got time to give a roar
Ain't got planes that hold together
Or that G-suit underwear
But we've got our pretty flying suits
So we don't really care.

TACHIKAWA, YOKOHAMA, ITAZUKE
(Tune- Hawaiian War Chant)

108

Tachikawa, Yokohama, Itazuke
Tachikawa, Yokohama, Itazuke
Tachikawa - - Yokohama - - Itazuke is the place

Ah, So, (Tachikawa); ah, so (Yokohama)
Ah, So, (Itazuke); Ah, So, KIMPO

Frozen Chosen is the place for you my boy
Frozen Chosen is the place for you my boy
Frozen Chosen, Frozen Chosen, Frozen Chosen is the place.

Ah, So, (Frozen Chosen); Ah, So, (Frozen Chosen)
Ah, So, (Frozen Chosen); Ah, So, KIMPO.

Our bomber flies ten thousand miles
Our bomber flies ten thousand miles
But a bomb is like a cherry
Is all it can carry
When our bomber flies ten thousand miles

Chorus: Steady boys, steady boys
Here comes another lie.

Said pilot to bomber, how slick
Finding this target's no trick
But my God how strange
We're fresh out of range
Strap on my parachute quick
The Air Force sure has the life
Wine, women and song is the plan
There's medals by baskets
For flying our caskets
In the M-G-M starlet command

F-80's are certainly keen
If to daring your tendencies lean
But we want it said
We'd not be caught dead
In such an infernal machine

With our bombers the world will be shocked
At three hundred miles they've been clocked
But while dreaming up tricks
With the B-36
We've all had our heads up and locked.

The X-1 was cruising the blue
The pilot felt something quite new
Christ what a sensation
Where's public relations
The Legion of Merit will do

Our bomber goes ten thousand miles
We claim it but only with smiles
While crashing the barrier
We pooh, pooh, the carrier
That really goes ten thousand miles.

Oh we know what we're saying its true
We got it directly from Stu
We love the blue yonder
But sometimes we wonder
Just who's doing what and to who
So listen young men as we say
Be careful of wings and flight pay
There's no prohibitions
On suicide missions
So come join the Air Force today

ONCE THEY WERE HAPPY
(Tune- Man on the Flying Trapeze)

110

Once they were happy, completely at ease
They flew their F-80's like a springin' trapeze
They looped em, they rolled em, they bounced DC-3's
But alas boys, their wings have been clipped.

One day they approached Itazuke
Jet leader called echelon right
Mustangs at nine o'clock level
Let's see if 8th fighter will fight

The F-80's broke left and the Mustangs broke right
I think they see us, says jet four in fright
They're all pullin streamers says jet number three
Let's go home, this is no place for me.

The jets headed home at a hundred percent
In fact number four had the throttle stop bent
Back to Misawa, to Misawa they went
Never to bounce any more.

THE PRETTIEST SHIP

111

- (1) (Leader) The prettiest ship
(All) The prettiest ship
(Leader) Out on the line
(All) Out on the line
(Leader) The MIG-15
(All) The MIG-15
(Leader) Flies fast and fine
(all) Flies fast and fine
(Leader) The prettiest ship
(All) The prettiest ship, out on the line
The MIG-15 flies fast and fine.
- (2) When we go up and fly at noon
The MIG-15's leap off the moon
- (3) Then they come down and pretty soon
A pissed-off tiger lowers the boom
- (4) On all our planes we paint red stars
For MIG-15's that land on Mars
- (5) We chase them up to forty-four
That fox eight six ain't got much more
- (6) The throttle's set right ar full bore
We'll never catch that little whore
- (7) Then they start home and Casey calls
We'er letting down no sweat at all
- (8) We're coming in with thirteen chicks
Twelve MIG's one fox eight six
- (9) The moral of this story is clear
When you start home just check your rear
- (10) Cause if you don't you're sure to find
A MIG-15 tucked in behing.

"G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES
(Tune- Bell Bottom Trousers)

112

Once there was a barmaid, down in brewery lane
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be
He was the cause of all her misery

Chorus: Singing "G" suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
He'll fly a fighter
Like his daddy used to do.

He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head
She gave it to him willingly and lost her maidenhead
And she like a silly girl, thinking it no harm
Climed in bed beside him just to keep the pilot warm.

Now in the morning before the break of day
A five pound note he handed her, and this to her did say
"Take this my darling, for all the harm I've done
For you may have a daughter, and you may have a son
If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair
And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air."

Now the moral of moral of my story as you can plainly see
Is never trust a pilot an inch above the knee
The barmaid trusted on and he went off to fly
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by.

Final Chorus: Singing "G" suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
She'll never fly a fighter
Like her daddy used to do.

INTO THE AIR

113

Into the air, U.S. Air Force
Into the air, Pilots true
Into the air, U.S. Air Force
Keep your nose up in the blue
And when you hear the engines roaring
And the steel props start to shine
Then you can bet the U.S. Air Force
Is along the fighting line.

Into the air, junior birdmen
Into the air, upside down
Into the air, junior birdmen
Get your nose up off the ground
And when you hear the great commencement
Any you win your wings of tin
You will know the junior birument
Have sent their box tops in.

MY WILD EYED CADET
(Tune- My Wile Irish Rose)

114

My wild eyed Cadet, he ain't learned nothing yet
He noses her down, when close to the ground
My wild eyed cadet.
He lips in his banks, if he lives we'll all give thanks
I hear drums beating low, and men marching slow
Behind wild eyed cadets.

EIGHT BUCKS A DAY

115

Open up the throttle till the needle hist the peg
Eight bucks a day, Eight bucks a day
Dive and roll and loop her till she's wingless as a keg
Eight bucks a day is the pay
Close the gate, lock the door
Cause we won't come back to Langley no more
We'll land at every flying field to San Francisco Bay
Eight bucks a day is the pay.

I WANT TO GO HOME

116

I want to go home! I want to go home!
The gas tank is leaking, the motor is dead
The pilot is trying to stand on his head
Take me back to the ground, I don't want to fly upside down
Oh, my! I'm too young to die
I want to go home.

HAIL YOU FIGHTER PILOTS

117

From Pohunkus, Tennessee
Came a bastard that was me
And my father shoveled snow from off the stree
Well when I was very young
He found a diamond in the dung
And he sent me here to sing this song to you

So hail, oh Hail, you fighter pilots
Fill your glasses full of brew
And we'll have another glass
To the latest horeses ass
In the squadrons of the yellow and the blue.

THE FORMATION

118

Here's a health to the formation leader, a jolly good fellow is he
He uses three star navigation, and flies on Bacardi
Here's a health to the leaders two wingmen, to the gunner within his Turelle
Here's a health to the whole damm formation, we'll fly reviews in hell.

I've got six-pence, jolly jolly sixpence
 I've got six-pence, to last me all my life
 I've got tuppence to spend, and tuppence to lend
 And tuppence to send home to my wife, poor wife.

No cares have I to grieve me
 No pretty girls to decieve me
 I'm happy as a lark believe me
 As we go rolling rolling home.

Rolling home, Rolling home
 By the light of the silvery moon
 Happy is the day, when the Air Force gets its pay
 As we go rolling rolling home.

PASDE CALAIS

120

Now you can send me twice a day
 To the Pasde Calais
 But don't ever send me over the Ruhr
 Send me to Paris or a target in France
 Any old place that I might have a chance
 You can send me twice a day
 To the Pasde Calais
 But don't send me over the Ruhr

You may think I'm wacky
 But I'm only slightly flaky
 Don't send me over the Ruhr
 Now the alert's on the phone
 The target's Cologne
 My God, That's on the edge of the Ruhr.

Send me to Bremen or old potsdam town
 Any place you can see through the flak to the ground
 You can send me twice a day
 To the Pasde Calais
 But don't send me over the Ruhr
 For even when I'm planning on aborting
 Don't send me over the Ruhr

ODE TO THE B-29
 (Tune- Whiffenpoof song)

121

We are four little fans who have lost our way, GROWR, GROWR, GROWR
 We are four little fans who have gone astray, GROWR, GROWR, GRCWR
 One third pilot out on the left, one third pilot out on the right
 "George" is flying with all of his might, Gröwr, GROWR, GROWR!!

If you fly an 89, you must be dumb, deaf, and blind
 For your life ain't worth a dime, what's your scheduled blow up time

Chorus: Will you go boom today, will you go boom today
 Two blew up yesterday, Allison ain't here to stay

If you fly an 86, you must really get your kicks
 Bouncing the all weather boys, playing with their radar toys.

If you fly a 94, you will never holler more
 For your lot we do not pine, it's better than an 89.

If you fly a thunder-jet, you will really have no sweat
 For your life you will not pound, the clunker won't get off the ground.

TOO LONG AT ITAZUKE

123

Too long at Itazuke
 Look just like a little gook
 Eyes that slant, nose that's flat
 Speak Japanese, "You caught a muskrat"
 Me work in rice-paddy
 Go Geisha house and drink saki
 Me jo-jo Number One Japanese boy-san.

SONG OF THE 18TH
 (Tune- Wreck of Old 97)

124

It's a long, long road from Pusan to Pyong-yang
 And the mountains are high and wide
 If my engine quits, you can write off a mustang
 Cause I'm fixing to go over the side.

Col. McBride led his boys on a mission
 And the chinks started throwing up flak
 He said, "Run em up boys, and we'll clean out our engines
 And the drinks are on the last one to get back.

Close support is a damn fine sortie
 Cause you work so close to the troops
 You get hit twelve times by a 20 or a 40
 And your engine coughs, sputters, and poops.

So you hit the silk and you land in a meadow.
 And the chinks start blazing away
 And a 'copter comes along and picks up your elbow
 Registration boys will find the rest some day.

It's a damn fine war and I love every mission
 And I guess I'm here to stay
 But I'd rather shag a broad by suggestive coition
 Or catch the clap in Sante Fe.

From Kunsan to Anju, from Pyongyang to Yangdok
 Wherever the red trucks go
 I've been on some rough routes, and had me some tough bouts
 But there is one thing I know
 The red balls will get you, they're worrisome things
 That lead you to sing, the flak in the night.

Hear the 8th a-calling, hear the 13th bawling
 Dentist, oh dentist, oh bromide, oh bromide
 Oh snowflake, oh give me a steer oh give me a fix
 I'm lost in the night.

THE INVADER

126

Oh the invader is a very fine airplane
 Constructed of steal and tin
 It will do over three hundred level
 The plane with the tailwind built in
 Oh, why did I join the Air Force
 Mother, dear Mother knew best
 For here I lie in the wreckage
 Invader all over my chest.

THE FIGHTING 68TH
 (Tune- MacNamaras Band)

127

We're here to tell a story of squadron 68
 Came over from Ashia to join the fighting eighth
 They're sitting here before us, tapping up the brew
 They don't belong in a fighter group, but what can Chitty do.

Chorus: La da da da, What can he do
 La da da da, What can he do
 La da da da, What can he do
 Oh they don't belong in a fighter group
 But what can Chitty do.

They fly their old night fighters, they take off after dark
 They don't know where they're going, they're just up for a lark
 They never brief, they always beef, fly strictly on a hunch
 Their call should be "Banana" cause they fly in such a bunch.

You know we also fly at night, thank God the times are few
 We often hear night fighters saying, Moonshine, is that you?
 Won't you tell those nasty shooting stars to land they're in our way!

RAIL CUTTERS
(Tune- Cold Cold Heart)

128

I tried so hard, Wild Bill, to cut
That streak of railroad track
But I'm afraid that all I did
Was dodge that flying flak
I know that one is all it takes
To blow my ass apart
Why can't I get just one rail cut
And melt our cold cold heart.

MY DARLING 39
(Tune- My Darling Clementine)

129

In the cockpit of the Cobra
Trying hard to reach the line
But alas my engine faltered
Fare thee well my 39

Chorus: Oh my darling, Oh my darling
Oh my darling 39
You are lost and gone forever
Fare thee well my 39

When you're spinning very flatly
And you've got a worried mind
That's all brother, hit the jumpsack
Bid farewell to your 39.

All the brass hats in our congress
They have signed the dotted line
They are lucky they just bought it
They don't fly the 39.

MOVIN ON

130

When you hear the patter of tiny feet, it's the 49th in full retreat
They're movin on, they'll soon be gone
They've pushed around just long enough, they're movin on

Hear the pitter-patter of the little feet, it's the first marines in full
retreat
They're movin on, They're movin on
They're burning gas they're ~~they're~~ hauling ass, they're movin on.

Hey GI you pissed off at me, What's the matter you got no VD
I 'm movin on, I'll soon be gone
Honey bucket turned over in the middle of the road, I'm movin on.

Mama-san movin down the track, with a GI baby strapped on her back
She's movin on, She'll soon be gone
If she catches GI papa-san, he'll be movin on.

MOVIN ON (Cont)

Oh here come the Commies runnin down the pass
Playin the burp gun on a gyrene's ass
He's movin on, he's movin on
You've been flying too high for this little ole guy
So I'm movin on.

The ~~old~~ houn dog was feelin fine, till he jumped in a barrel of turpentine
He's movin on, he's movin on
He crashed the gat like a P-38, but he's movin on.

The old tom cat was feelin mean, till he caught his tail in a sewin machine
He's movin on, he's movin on
He missed a stitch when he hit the ditch, but he's movin on.

MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

131

My father makes rum in the bathtub
My mother makes two kinds of gin
My sister makes love for a living
My God how the money rolls in.

Chorus: Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in, rolls in
Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a poor missionary
He saves little girlies from sin
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars
My God how the meny rolls in.

My uncle paints real frenchy postcards
My auntie she poses for him
Her costume cost nary a penny
My God how the money rolls in.

I tried making all kinds of whiskey
I tried making all kinds of gin
I tried making love for a living
My God the condition I'm in.

Chorus: Sin, sin, sin, sin, my God the condition I'm in, I'm in
Sin, sin, sin, sin, My God the money is rolling in.

My father died in the bathtub
My mother she died of her gin
My sister she married my brother
MY GOD WHAT A MESS I AM IN.

I'd an uncle who was a nightwatchman
Who spent all his nights in the pit,
He used to come home all over in shit.

My Auntie manufactures French letters
My cousin pricks holes with a pin
My uncle performs the abortions
My God how the money rolls in.

When I was young and sweet sixteen
I met a girl from New Orleans
Oh she was young and pretty too
She had what you call a ring-dang-doo.

A ring-dang-doo, pray what is that
It's round and soft like a pussy cat
It's round and soft and split in two
That's what you call a ring-dang-doo

She took me down into the cellar
She said I was a very fine feller
She gave me wine and whiskey too
And she let me play with her ring-dang-doo

She took me up into her bed
She placed her tits beneath my head
And then she took my hickey-floo
And placed it in her ring-dang-doo

Now six months later she began to swell
She swelled and swelled till she looked like hell
She told her ma and her father too
That I took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

Her father said you filthy whore
You've gone and lost your maidens lore
Pack up your bag and your nighty too
And make your living from your ring-dang-doo

She went to the city to become a whore
She hung a sign upon her door
Five dollars now nothing else will do
To take a crack at my ring-dang-do.

And the fellers came and the fellers went
And the price went down to fifteen cents
Fifteen cents and nothing else will do
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo.

And then one day a son of a bitch
He had the crabs and the jockey itch
He had the syph and diarrhea too
And he took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

They hung her tits in the city hall
They pickled her ass in alcohol
Now all you bums and hobo's too
You've heard my tale of the ring-dang-doo

So they buried her near the city hall
And they engraved upon the wall
She's learned her lesson and you should too
Just stay away from the ring-dang-doo.

OLD GREY BUSTLE
(Tune- Old Grey Bonnet)

133

Put on your old grey bustle and get out and hustle
For tomorrow the rent's coming due
Put your ass in clover let the boys look it over
If you can't get five take two.

Put on those old pink panties that used to be your aunties
And we'll go for a tussel in the hay
Now ther's no use duckin' cause you're goona get a fuckin'
In the good old fashioned way.

Put on your old grey corset if it won't fit force it
For the fleet is coming in today
As the bees make honey let your ass make money
In the good old fashioned way.

Put on that old blue ointment the crabs dissapointment
And we'll kill those bastards where they lay
Though it scratches and it itches it will kill those sons of bitches
In the good old fashioned way.

MACH RIDERS IN THE SKY
(Tune- Ghost Riders In The Sky)

134

An 86 got airborne on a dark and windy day
And as he raised his landing gear, you could hear the pilot pray
Keep all those buckets in the wheel and I'll be safe and sound
Don't let that fire go out, Dear Lord, till I am on the ground.

Chorus: Yippi-i-o, yippi-i-a-a-a
Mach riders in the sky

Those flyin friends are here to stay, it's said they're very mean
And all know we've been famous since 1917
Though we may work on holidays, and weekends just the same
Those pukin' pups make history, Oh bless that famous name.

As our 86's leave the ground, their tails are spouting flame
The pilots they all go through hell, but fly em just the same
The crew chiefs work their asses off to keep em flyin high
And watch with satisfaction as their plane goes screaming by.

Day and night our pilots fight to live up to their name
Other pilots come and go, but ours fly on to fame
They're going to fly forever in that range up there on high
They cuss and cry, "Live or die," MACH RIDERS IN THE SKY.

I've flown around for many a year, from Berlin to Taegu
 But never a thing I saw like the thing, cruising along the Yalu
 I was tooling up and down one day, with nary a thought on my mind
 When suddenly was this ???, right up my behind
 When suddenly was this ???, right up my behind.

I dropped my tanks and broke to the right, called help to my wingman
 He took one look at the ???, and he turned around and ran
 And then I called on another guy, Known as Maple red
 But when he saw the ???, he ducked his nose and fled
 But when he saw the ???, he ducked his nose and fled.

And then there was this other bird, who yelled get altitude
 There may be more of those ???, and I've lost my fortitude
 Then finally came this swept-wing thing, on of the famous forth
 He said I'll get that ???, his fifties spattered forth
 He said I'll get that ???, his fifties spattered forth.

And then I looked around again, and much to my surprise
 I saw him clobber the ???, right before my eyes
 The MIG blew up went down in flames, his comrades followed suit
 Because of the guy in the ???, who knew just when to shoot
 Because of the guy in the ???, who knew just when to shoot.

Now all you jockeys of eighty-fours, here's my advice to you
 Never go cruising up and down, north of Sinanju
 Unless you've got the Famous Fourth, hovering over you
 Cause they'll take care of the ???, they know just what to do
 Cause they'll take care of the ???, they know just what to do.

THOSE WEDDING BELLS ARE BREAKING UP

136

Not a soul down on the corner
 It's a pretty certain sign
 Those wedding bells are breaking up
 That old gang of mine.

All the boys are singing love songs
 They've forgot Sweet Adeline
 Those wedding bells are breaking up
 That old gang of mine.

There goes Jack, there goes Jill
 Down through lovers lane
 Now and then, we meet again
 But they don't seem the same

Gee I get that lonesome feeling
 When I hear those church bells chime
 Those wedding bells are breaking up
 That old gang of mine.

Please sing to me that sweet melody
 Called Doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo
 Is doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo
 Simplest thing, there isn't much to it
 All you got to do is doodle-lee-doo it
 I love it so, wherever I go
 I doodle-lee-doodle-lee-do.

Two little lovers, under the covers
 What'll they do, doodle-lee-doo
 I would suggest that they should undress
 And doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo
 Cherries are red, ready for plucking
 I'm sixteen and I'm ready for highschool
 I love it so, wherever I go
 I doodle-lee-doodle-lee-doo.

Please do to me what you did to Marie
 Last Saturday night, Saturday night
 It must have been real, cause I heard Marie squeal
 Last Saturday night, Saturday night
 Don't know what, what you were doin
 Somebody said you were doodle-lee-doo in
 I love it so, wherever I go
 I doodle-lee-doodle-lee-doo.

Miss Emma Snow went out on a show
 Called doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo
 She made a hit just playing her bit
 In doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo
 Twenty four hours, that's all there was to it
 How in this world did she doodle-lee-doo it
 Got a Rolls Royce, but not by her voice
 But doodle-lee- doodle-lee-doo.

BALL OF YARN

138

Twas a sunny day in June all the flowers were in bloom
 The birds were singing gaily on the farm
 When I spied a maiden fair and I said unto her there
 Let me wind up your little ball of yarn.

She said sir can't you see you're a stranger to me
 But follow me out behind the barn
 There's a shady little nook beside the babbling brook
 Where you can wind up my little ball of yarn:

Now young man take my advice never stay out late at night
 And you'll never lose your cherry or your charm
 Be like the bluebird and the robin keep your little P from bobbin'
 And you'll never wind up that little ball of yarn.

There was a young man from Boston
Who traded his car for an Austin
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas
But his balls hung out and he lost em.

Chorus: That was a very fine song
Sing us another one
Just like the other one
Sing us another one, do

There was a young man from Dundee
Who buggered an ape in a tree
The result was most horrid, all ass and no forehead
Three balls and a purple goatee.

There was a young man from Kildair
Who buggered his girl on the stairs
The bannister broke, he doubled his stroke
And finished her off in mid air.

There was a queer from Khartoum
Who took a young lesbian to his room
They argued all night, as to who had the right
To do what, with which, and to whom.

There was a professor from the Mall
Who possessed a cylindrical ball
The cube root of its weight, plus his penis, plus eight
Was one half of two thirds of fuck all.

There was a young girl from St Paul
Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball
Her dress caught on fire, and burned her entire
Front page, sports section and all.

There was a young lady from Wheeling
Who had a peculiar feeling
She laid on her back, and tickled her crack
And pissed all over the ceiling.

There was a young man from Nantucket
Whose dick was so long he could suck it
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin
If my ear were a cunt I could fuck it.

There once was a young man from Kent
Whose dick was so long that it bent
To save himself trouble, he put it in double
And instead of coming, he went.

There once was a man of class
Whose balls were made of brass
When they swung together, they played stormy weather
And lightning shot out of his ass.

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (Cont)

There was a young man from Sparta
Who was the worlds champion farter
On the strength of one bean, he played God save the Queen
And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

There once was a man from Rangoon
Who was born by the light of the moon
He had not the luck, to be born by a fuck
But was a wet dream scooped up in a spoon

There once was a boy from Baclaridge
And he was his parents disparage
He sucked off his brother, and went down on his mother
And ate up his sisters miscarriage.

There once was a pilot from K-2
Who buggered a girl down in Taegu
He said to the Doc, as she handed him his cock
Will I lose both my testicles too.

There once was a man from Trieste
Who loved his wife with a zest
Despite all her howls, he sucked out her bowls
And deposited the mess on her breast.

In the garden of Eden sat Adam
With is hand on the butt of his madam
He chuckled with mirth, for he knew on this earth
There were only two balls and he had em.

There was an old hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in his cave
He said I'll admit, I'm a bit of a shit
But think of the money I save.

There once was a girl named Alice
Who used a dynamite stick for a fallice
They found her vagina, in south carolina
And a piece of her hymen in Dallas.

There once was a girl from France
Who boarded a train by chance
The engineer fucked her, and so'd the conductor
And the brakeman went off in his pants.

There once was a man from Bombay
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay
The heat of his prick, turned the clay into brick
And rubbed all his foreskin away.

There once was a girl named Gail
Between her tits was a price of her tail
And on her behind, for the sake of the blind
Was the same information in braile.

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (Con't)

There once was a girl from the Azores
Whose cunt was all covered with sores
The dogs in the street, would not eat the green meat
That hung in fetoons from her drawers.

There was a young girl from Peru
Who said as the Bishop withdrew
The Vicar is quicker, he's also a lick
And considerably thicker than you.

There was a young priest from Dundee
Who went in the garden to pee
He said Pax Wo Biscum, I can't make the piss come out
I guess I've got C L A P.

There was a young girl named Myrtle
Who was raped on the beach by a turtle
The results of the fuck, was two eags and a duck
Which proved that the turtle was fertile.

There was a young man from Nottingham
Who stood on the bridge at Buckingham
Just watching the stunts, of the cunts and the punts
And the tricks of the pricks that were fuckingham.

An Argentine Gaucho named Bruno
Said fucking is one thing I do know
All women are fine, and sheep are devine
But llamas are numero uno.

There was a young man from New Brighton
Who said my dear you've a tight one
Soad she pon my soul, you have the wrong hole
It's the one up in front that's the right one.

There was a man from St James
Who played most unusual games
He lit a match, to his grandmothers snatch
And laughed as she pissed through the flames.

There once was a man named McGruder
Who wooed a nude in Bermuda
Now the nude thought it crude, to be wooed in the nude
But McGruder was cruder, he screwed her.

There was a young man from Kieth
Who skined back pricks with his teeth
It wasn't for pleasure, he adopted this measure
But for the cheese he found underneath.

There was a young lass named Alice
Who peed in the Archbishops chalice
It was not from relief, as was the belief
But purely from prodestant malice.

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (Cont)

There was a young bishop from Birmingham
Who didled the nuns while confirmin' 'em
He brought them indobrs, slipped down their drawers
And slipped his Episcopal worm in 'em.

There was a young man from Brock
Who tied a violin string to his cock
With just one erection, he could play a selection
From Johann Sebastian Bach.

There was a young lady from Ransom
Who had it three times in a hansom
When she cried for more, a voice from the floor
Cried my name is Simpson, not Sampson.

There once was a girl from Cape Cod
Who thought all babies came from Gad
But it wasn't the Almighty who lifeted her nighty
It was Roger the lodger the sod.

There once was a lady named Lil
Who swallowed an atomic pill
They found her vagina in North Carolina
And one of her tits in Brazil.

There once was a pirate named Bates
Who was learning to rhumba on skates
He fell on his cutlass, which rendered him nutless
And practically useless on dates

There once was a monk from Mongolia
Whose life was lonlier and lonlier
One night just for fun, he took out a nun
And now she's a Mother Superior.

PISS ON THE _____

140

Let's all go down and piss on the _____
Piss on the _____, piss on the _____
Let's all go down and piss on the _____
Till they float away
Till they float away
Till they float away
Let's all go down and piss on the _____
Piss on the _____, Piss on the _____
Let's all go down and piss on the _____
Till they float away.

In the hills of West Virginia, lives a girl named Nancy Brown
 Ain't never seen such a beauty, in city or in town
 Now Nancy and the Deacon climbed the mountain come high noon
 And when they reached the summit, it was very very soon.

Oh she came rollin down the mountain, rollin down the mountain
 Rollin down the mountain by the dam
 And in spite of his urgin, she remained the local virgin
 And is just as pure as West Virginia ham.

Now along cam a trapper, Henderson by name
 He took little Nancy, and the story's just the same.

She came rollin down the mountain, rollin down the mountain
 Rollin down the mountain by the shack
 And in spite all of his urgin, she remained the local virgin
 And is just as pure as Pappy's applejack.

But along cam a slicker, with his hundred dollar bills
 He took our little nancy, a way up in the hills.

And they she stayed up in the mountains, stayed up in the mountains
 Stayed up in the mountains all that night
 She came home next morning early, more a woman than a girlie
 And her pappy kicked the hussy out of sight.

Now she's livin in the city, livin in the city
 Oh she's livin in the city mighty swell
 She's done away with pots and kettles, and she's eatin fancy vittles
 And those West Virginia hills can go to hell.

But along came depression, took slicker by the pants
 H had to sell his Packard, had to give up little Nanc'

So now she's back in West Virginia, Back in West Virginia
 Back in West Virginia as of yore
 And the Deacon and the trapper, get that thing that they were after
 And she's known as that West Virginia L A D Y.

LILLI FROM PICCADILLY

142

Oh, I took a trip to london to look around the town
 When I got to Piccadilly, the sun was going down
 I've never seen such darkness, the night was black as pitch
 When suddenly, in front of me, I thought I saw a witch.

Chorus: Oh, it was Lilly, from Piccadilly~
 You know the one I mean, the one I mean
 I'll spend each payday, that's my hey hey day
 With Lilly, my blackout queen.

LILLI FROM PICCADILLY (Con't)

Oh, I couldn't see her figure, I couldn't see her face
But if I ever meet her, I'll know her anyplace
I couldn't tell if she were blonde or a dark brunette
But gosh oh gee, did she give me, a thrill I won't forget.

She said to me, Oh Yankee boy are you lonesome are you blue
Just step around the corner, I'll show you what I'll do
We went up some dark alley, I said, I love you kid
She said, Okay, but first you pay, so I gave her twenty quid.

She leaned her back against the wall, I took her in my arms
She gave to me her very all, and all her buxum charms
I lost my head, I lost my heart, I ven lost my hat
It was a shame, she should have been, a circus acrobat.

We went to her apartment, and when we were in bed
She was so very pleasant, I said someday we'd wed
She even gave me breakfast, she was so very nice
Why what she did for twenty quid was cheap at half the price.

FALSIES IN BRASSEIRES

143

There's nothing can be better than a girl that wears a sweater
Though she may not be as big as she appears
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brasseires

Her pullmonary muscles my resemble Janie Russels
And she'll say she got that way from drinking beers
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brasseires.

So round ---- so firm ---- and so fully packed
You'll find it's really just an act
Give a girl a Bally bra and she will grow---grow---grow.

Now I've made a careful study with the help of my best buddy
And a hundred thousand women volunteers
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brasseires.

So fellows 'fore you wed her, Please investigate her sweater
Or you'll find your honeymoon will end in tears
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brasseires.

FRIGGING IN THE RIGGING

144

Twas on the good ship Venus, my God you should have seen us
The figure head was a whore in bed, And the mast a rampant penis

Chorus: Frigging in the rigging, Frigging in the rigging
Frigging in the rigging, there's fuck all else to do.

The captain of this lugger, he was a dirty bugger
He wasn't fit to shovel shit, from one place to another.

FRIGGING IN THE RIGGING (Con't)

The first mate's name was Morgan, my God was he a gorgon
Ten times a day he used to play, upon his sexual organ.

The second mates name was Andy, he was so young and randy
They boiled his bun in steaming rum, for coming in the brandy.

The Midshipmans name was Nipper, he was a dirty ripper
He filled his ass with broken glass, and circumsized the skipper.

The captains wife was Mable, when ever she was able
She'd fornicate with the second mate, upon the gally table.

The captain had a daughter, who fell into the water
Delighted squeals revealed the eels, had found her wexual quarter.

The crew they were hard cases, you could see it in their faces
They took to frigging in the rigging, for want of better places.

So drunk with exultation, we reached our China station
And sunk a junk in a sea of spunk, caused by mutual masterbation.

The Quartermaster was Pember
He had a crashing member
On nights of frost, himself he tossed
Before a glowing amber.

The Bosun's name was Walker, he really was a corker,
The filthy sod had been in quod
For dalliance with a porker.

Once in a drunken frolick, the bosun lost a bollock
With foul intent, on Mable bent, he impaled it on a rowlock.

The ship's dog name was Rover, by gad he was in clover
We gound and ground that faithful hound
From Tenereefe to Dover.

The cabin boy was pretty, it really is a pity
The things they did to that poor kid
Whould quite upset his ditty.

They sailed to far Algeria, to none were they inferior
The prostitutes along the routes
Grew wearier and wearier.

They made for the Bahamas, The harems and zenanas
They did eschew that poxy crew
And much preferred bananas.

They sailed to Buenos Aires, And laid with all the fairies
They got the Syph at Tenereefe
And clap in the Canaries.

FRIGGING IN THE RIGGING (Con't)

Then, tired of this pollution, they sought for absolution
They upped the priest, the dirty beast
And broke their resolution.

At first the priest resisted, but then the crew insisted
And some burned rum, beneath his bum
And soon his bollocks twisted.

Pray benidiction for us, pour absolution O'er us
You shaggy shite, you shall recite
The Halleluja Chorus.

LYDIA PINKAM

145

Chorus: Oh, we sing, we sing, we sing, of Lydia Pinkham, Pinkham, Pinkham
And her love for the human race
A wonderful compound, a dollar a bottle
And every label bears her face.

Now Mrs. Mrphy, had husband trouble, she did not like to fiddle-de-dee
But after taking a bottle of compound, they had to tie her to a tree.

Now Mrs. Murphy, had baby touble, she could not have a baby dear
But after taking a bottle of compound, they had to milk her like a cow

Now Mrs. Murphy, had kidney trouble, in the morning, she could not pee
But after taking a bottle of compound, they had to pipe her out to sea.

OLD GREEN RIVER

146

I was floating down that old Green River
On the good ship rock and rye
But I floated too far
Got stuck ona bar.

Out there alone, wishing that I were home
The ship went down with the captain and crew
It left me only one thing to do
I had a drink that old green river dry
To get back home to you.

THE WOODPECKER
(Tune= Dixie)

147

Oh, I stuck my finger in a woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said god bless your soul
Take it out, take it out, take it out, remove it.

So I removed my finger from the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said God Bless my soul
Put it back, put it back, put it back, replace it.

THE WOODPECKER (Con't)

I replaced my finger in the woodpeckers hole
The woodpecker said God Bless my soul
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around, revolve it.

I revolved my finger in the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
In-and-out, in-and-out, in-and-out, reciprocate it.

I reciprocated my finger in the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Pull it out, pullit out, pull it out, retract it.

I retracted my finger from the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Take a smell, take a smell, take a smell, revolting.

VIOLATE ME

148

Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way that you know
To the best things in life
I am utterly oblivious
Give me a life that is lewd and lascivious
Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way that you know
Ravage me, savage me
Utterly damage me
On me no nercy bestow
Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way that you know.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

149

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the ocean
And I were a whale I would teach them emotion.

Chorus: Oh roll your leg over, Oh roll your leg over
Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon.

Oh, if all little girls were like bells in the tower
And I were a clapper I'd bang by the hour

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the river
And I were a sandbar I'd sure make them quiver

Oh, if all little girls were like sheep in the pasture
And I were a ram I'd make them run faster

Oh, if all little girls were like little white rabbits
And I were a hare I would teach them bad habits

Oh, if all little girls were like little red vixens
And I were a fox I surely would fix 'em

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER (Con't)

Oh, if all little girls were like Hedy Lamarr
I'd try twice as hard to get twice as far

Oh, if all little girls were like cows in the clover
And I were a bull I would chase them all over

Oh, if all little girls were like little white flowers
And I was a bee I would buzz them for hours

Oh, if all little girls were like little white chickens
And I was a rooster I'd give them the dickens

Oh, if all little girls were like little ole turtles
And I was a turtle I'd get in their girdles

Oh, if all little girls were like Gypsy Rose Lee
And I were her G-string oh boy what I'd see

Oh, if all little girls were like nurses who would
And I were a doctor I would if I could

Oh, if all little girls were like bricks in a pile
And I were a mason I'd lay them in style

Oh, I wish that all girls were like fish in a pool
And I were a chap with a waterproof tool

If all little girls were like bats in the steeple
And I were a bat, There'd be more bats than people

Oh if all little girls were like diamonds and rubbies
And I were a jeweler I'd polish their boobies.

THE PRETTIEST GIRL I EVER SAW

150

The prettiest girl I ever saw
Was sipping bourbon through a straw
The prettiest girl I ever saw
Was sipping bourbon through a straw

And now and then the straw would slip
And I'd sip bourbon through her lips

And now I've got a mother in law
From sipping bourbon through a straw

The moral of this story's clear
Don't sip bourbon, sip beer.

The B-36 flies at 40,000 feet, the B-36 flies at 40,000 feet
 The B-36 flies at 40,000 feet,
 But it only carries one little teensie weensie bomb
 Tons and tons of ammunition, tons and tons of ammunition
 Tons and tons of ammunition,
 But it only carries one little teensie weensie bomb.

OH IT'S BEER BEER BEER

152

Oh it's beer, beer, beer,
 That makes you want to cheer
 In the Corps, in the Corps
 Oh it's beer, beer, beer,
 That makes you want to cheer
 In the U.S. Air, U.S. Air Force.

Chorus: My eyes are dim, I cannot see
 I have not brought my specs with me.

Whiskey - That makes you feel so friskey
 Gin - That makes you want to spin
 Vodka - That makew you feel you oughta
 Sautern - That makes your belly burn
 Vermouth - That makes you feel uncouth
 Bourbon - That makes you feel like chirpin'
 Wine - That makes you feel so fine
 Rum - That makes you feel so dumb
 Rye - That makes you feel so shy
 Brandy - That makes you feel so dandy
 Likker - That makes you ever-sicker
 Sherry - That makes you feel so hairy.

KIMPO SONATA

153

Oh I was sent to Nellis, I was sent to train
 I learned how to bomb and strafe, from an aeroplane
 Oh I was sent to Kimpo, to be a killer too
 But all I git is a bunch of shit from you and you and you
 I knew a fighter pilot, no smile upon his face
 And many's the time I heard him say
 I HATE THIS FUCKING PLACE.

OH THE 523 IS A VERY FINE SQUADRON

154

Oh the 523 is a very fine squadron
 Their pilots are all true blue
 But they bring back drawers that smell like dogshit
 From the dog-fights at old Sinanju

You ought to be dead you old bastard
 You ought to be damned well shot
 You ought to be tied to the door of a shit house
 And left there to damned well rot.

I've sat in this damn cockpit for hours and hours
 I've stuck it as long as I could
 I've stuck it and stuck it, so now I say fuck it
 My ass hole's not made out of wood.

FORESKIN FUGITIVES

156

Eyes right, assholes tight, foreskins to the front
 We're the boys who make no noise, we're always chasing cunt
 We are the fliers of the night, we'd rather fuck than fight
 We are the foreskin fugitives.

ICE ON THE RICE

157

When the ice is on the rice in old Tsuiki
 And the saki in the cellar starts to freeze
 When you turn to her and say, "My darling dozo"
 Then you're turning just a skoshi Nipponese

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY
 (Tune- The Bells of St Mary)

158

The balls of O'Leary
 Are wrinkled and weary
 Are battered and tattered
 Like the dome of St Paul

The people all muster to see that great cluster
 Of the wonderful pair of O'Leary's balls.

THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

159

Oh minstrels sing of a mighty king
 Who many long years ago
 Ruled his land with an iron hand
 But his mind was weak and low.

His only under clothing was
 A filthing undershirt
 It was long enough to hide his hide
 But never to hide the dirt.

He loved to hunt the royal stag
 Within the royal wood
 But the sprot he loved the best of all
 Was pullin his royal pud.

THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND (Con't)

Wild and wooly and full of fleas
His terrible tool hung down to his knees
God save the bastard king of England.

Now the queen of Spain was a sprightly dame
And an amorous dame was she
And she loved to fool with the royal tool
From far across the sea

So she sent a special message
By a special messenger
And asked the royal bastardship
To spend the night with her.

When Phillip of France heard this
He summoned his royal court
Said she prefers my rival
Just because my tool is short

So he sent the Duke of Slip and Slap
to give the queen a dose of clap
And thus avenged the bastard king of England

When news of this foul deed
Did reach fair England's halls
The king he swore by the shirt he wore
He's have old Phillip's balls

So he offered a night with the seet Hortense
To the man who'd nut the king of France
And thus avenge the bastard king of England.

Up spoke the duke of Suffolk
He took himself to France
Declared himself a flutter
The king took down his pants.

He dropped a thong around his dong
Jumped on his horse and galloped along
And thus avenged the bastard king of England

Now Phillip assumed a royal stance
And groveled on the floor
For during the ride his royal pride
Had stretched a yard or more.

And all the girls in England
Came down to London town
And shouted around the castle
The hell with Englands crown.

So Phillip assumed the throne
His sceptes was the royal bone
With which he downed the bastard king of England.

Ass holes are cheap today
 Cheaper than yesterday
 Little boys cost half a crown
 Standing up or lying down
 Larger boys cost seven and six
 Cause they take bigger pricks
 Ass holes are cheap
 Are cheap today.

THREE WHORES FROM CANADA JUNCTION

161

Three whores walked down from Canada Junction
 Full of brandy and wine
 The topic of conversation was
 Your cunts no bigger than mine.

Chorus: Roly poly tickly my holey
 Slippery slimey slue
 Rattle your nuts across my guts
 I'm one of the whorey crew.

The first old whore got up and said
 My cunt's as big as the air
 The birds flyin and the birds fly out
 And never touch a hair.

The second old whore got up and said
 My cunt's as big as the moon
 A man went in in January
 And didn't come out till June

The third old whore got up and said
 Man you're all talking balls
 Cause when I have my periods
 It's like Niagra Falls.

SALOME

162

Down our street, we had a merry party
 Everybody there was oh so gay and hearty
 Talk about a treat, we ate all the meat
 And we drank all the beer.
 In the bopzer down the street.

There was old Uncle Joe, fair fucked up
 We locked him in the cellar with the old bull pup
 Little sonney Jim, tried to get in in.
 With his ass hole winking at the moon.
 Oh Salome, salome
 You should see Salome,
 Standing there, with her ass all bare
 Waiting for someone to slide it in there

To slide it, and glide it
Right up her fucking chute
Two brass balls and a prick of steal
And a foreskin, full of shit.

She's a big fat cow, twice the size of me
Hairs on her belly like the branches on trees
She can jump fight fuck
Wheel a borrow push a truck
That's my girl Solone

On Monday night, she takes it up the back
On Tuesday night, she takes in all the slack
On Wednesday night, she has a spell
On Thursday night, she fucks like hell
On Friday night, she takes it up her nose
In between her fingers and down between her toes
On Saturday night, she dishes out gams
And she goes to church on Sunday
She just wants me for a sunbeam
And a fucking fine sunbeam I'll be.

GOING HOME
(Tune- Out on the Texas Plains)

163

I'm gonna head my ship into the wide blue sea
With my nose into the west
I'm gonna find a gal that was made for me
I'm gonna give her all my best.

I'm gonna head my ship toward that old west coast
Round Long Beach and L.A.
And when we all get home we will drink a toast
To those long forgotten days

I'm gonna fly all day, I'm gonna fly all night
Toward that setting sun
And when that good old coast line looms into sight
My work has just begun

I'm gonna find a gal that just don't give a darn
I'm gonna love her night and day
And if she says no no I'm gonna twist her arm
Cause I'm gonna get my way.

I'm gonna drink myself into a total wreck
I'm gonna love until I die
I got a pilots mind and a flyer's rep
I couldn't be good if I tried.

GOING HOME (Con't)

So won't you just relax
For there is one more verse of the things I'm gonna do
I know that times are bad, but they could be worse
So here's my parting word to you.

I'll ne'er forget this war until the day I die
Cause it's changed my life's flight plan
And when my days are o'er and my time draws high
I'm gonna die drunk if I can.

RIO RIO RIO

164

Chorus: Rio, Rio, Rio, Rio, Jesus Christ how I feel
Fresh from a shore house, prick full of steel
That's my organ grinder.

Laid her in her fathers hall
Spread her ass from hall to hall
Shoved it up into her gall
With my old organ grinder.

Fucked her in her fathers bed
Shoved it up into her head
Fucked that girl till she was dead
With my old organ grinder

Followed her to the gural ground
Just to go another round
Fucked her as they lowered her down
With my old organ grinder

Some folks say I am a knave
Say that I do not Behave
Cause I jacked off on er grave
With my old organ grinder.

OH MY GOD

165

Oh My God, we've all done wrong
We've all been drunk for so GOD DAMN long
And we don't give a Jesus if it rains, hails or freezes
Let the old man say what he GOD DAMN pleases
We're just a bunch of shitsters, a bunch of booze histers
FIGHTER PILOTS ALL

IN FLIGHT REFUELING
(Tune- Strawberry Roan)

166

Oh come fighter pilots, both young and old
And I'll tell you a story, that 'll make you turn cold
A story of tankers, and a flight out to sea
And I hate to tell you what they did to me.

IN FLIGHT REFUELING (Con't)

Oh we took off from George, oh so early one morn
The weather was balmy, but not really warm
We soon left the coast line, and headed to sea
And for the last time land I did see.

Oh we flew on for hours, it seemed like more
We flew and we flew, till my butt it got sore
And we finally got to that point far from land
Where there were supposed to be tankers at hand

But yes, you have gussed it, no one was there
Nothing around, but ocean and air
We called and we called, but it was in vain
There was nobody out there to refuel my plane

Oh we circled and circled, and hollered for gas
The pain was begining, to leave my ass
'Twas begining to pucker, and turn a dull hue
When finally a tanker came into veiw.

Well bygones were bygones, and we didn't bitch
We just latched onto, that son of a bitch
What ho, called the scanner, "It's uner your wing
If you don't hook up, you likely will ding!"

Well I stabbed and I stabbed and I stabbed some more
But I couldn't hit, that dirty old where
I looked at my gas gauge, and it was down low
I backed aff again, and tried it real slow.

So I tried it real slow boys, but that didn't work
So I tried it fast again, what a hell of a jerk
The funnel it hit me, one hell of a blow
As I looked at the cold water down there below.

I looked at the water, so cold and so chilled
And I thought to myself, I'll soon be killed
So I'd better hook up, and take on some fuel
Cause that water below looks uncomfortably cool

So I finally did it, I hit that damn hose
I hit that old funnel, right square on the nose
The engineer said, "Sir you're taking on fuel!"
But the bastard was lying, the dirty old fop!

I called that damn scanner, said, "Turn on the gas
I can't wait much longer, or I'll bust my ass."
He looked up from his paper, and said with a grin
"You know there are days sir, when you just can't win.

That's the end of my story, I'm sorry to say
That old F-100, lies out in the bay
But I'll have my vengince, you can bet your life
Cause ther's one tanker pilot, that I'm going to knife.

I LOVE OLD WING OPS AND FLYING SAFETY
(Tune- Dear Hearts and Gentle People)

167

I love old Wing Ops, and Flying Safety
They're nothing but hot air
But if you bust one, and hit the barrier
You know damn well that they'll be there

I read my dash one, from dawn till sunset
But it don't go so well
For when the board meets, and I go up there
I know ther're going to give me hell.

I feel so helpless, each time I try to fly
For I know they'll watch each move I make
And so it's Wing Ops and Flying Safety
Watching every rule I break.

SHO ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

168

Show me the way to go home
I'm tired and I want to go to bed
I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it went right to my head
Wherever I may roam
On land or sea or foam
You will always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home.

Indicate the way to my abode
I'm fatigued and I want to retire
I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago
And it went right to my cerebellum
Wherever I may perambulate
On land or sea or atmospheric vapor
You can always hear me crooning this melody
Indicate the way to my abode.

BUDDY

169

BUDDY, BUDDY, have a good time
Stay in bed till half past nine
Drink your drink and Flub your dub
86th Fighter Country Club.

HONEY

170

Oh, Honey, Honey, Bless your heart
Cause you're the honey that I love so well
My heart beats true, sweetheart for you
Cause your the honey that I love so well.

Oh morphine Bill and Cocaine Sue
 Truckin' down the avenue
 Chorus: Oh honey have a sniff, have a sniff on me
 Oh honey have a sniff on me.

Now right on Broadway, left on main
 To get a shot at old cocaine

Now in that drugstore hung a sign
 We ain't got no more morphing

In a graveyard on a hill
 Lies the remains of Morphine Bill.

And in that graveyard by his side
 Lie the remains of his cocaine bride

Now the moral of this story just goes to show
 There ain't no fun in sniffin' snow.

LEES HOOCHIE
 (Tune- On Top of Old Smokey)

172

I went to Seoul City, and met a Miss lee
 She said for a short time, oh come sleep with me
 We went to Lee's hoochie, a room with hot floors
 I left my shoes outside, and slid shut the door.

She took off her long johns, and rolled out the pad
 I gave her ten thousand, 'twas all that I had
 Her breath smelled of kinchie, her bosoms were flat
 No hair on her pussy, now what about that.

I asked to go benjo, she led me outside
 I reached for old smokey, he crawled back inside
 I rushed to the medics, cried, "What shall I do!"
 The doc was dumbounded, old smokey was blue.

Now when you're in Seoul City, on your next three day pass
 Don't go to Lee's Hoochie, sit flat on your ass
 Now your ass my get blistered, and Lee may tempt you
 But better the red ass, than old smokey blue.

THE COED AND THE CADET

173

The Coed and the Cadet were courting I declare
 Down by the gate they didn't know that I was there
 Oh the Coed she was bashful and the Cadet he was shy
 He asked her if he could and this was her reply

You can do it if you wanna
 But you'd better do it right
 You'd better not do it
 Like you did the other night
 Cause if you do, I'm telling you
 I'll never let you do it again
 I rally mean it
 I'll never let you do it again.

A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN

174

A man without a woman
 Is like a ship without a sail
 Is like a boat without a rudder
 Like a kite without a tail.

A man without a woman
 Is like a shipwreck on the sand
 But if there's one thing worse in the universe
 It's a woman, I said a woman
 I mean a woman without a man.

For you can roll a silver dollar
 Cross the bar room floor
 And it will roll, because it is round
 And a woman never knows what a good man she's got
 Until she turns him down.

So honey listen, now honey listen to me
 I want you to understand
 That a silver dollar goes from hand to hand
 While a woman goes from man to man.

RED SCARFS
 (Tune- Strawberry Blonde)

175

Now the 12th fighter squadron they don't show me much
 While the Red Scarfs fly
 Their technique is bad and their bombing is sad
 While the Red Scarfs fly.

Their guns are corroded, their pilots are loaded
 Their cockpits are covered with dust
 They fly for awhile, but they ain't got no style
 While the Red Scarfs fly.

DO YOU KEN MY SISTER TILLY

176

Do you ken my sister Tilly
 She's a whore on piccadilly
 And my mother is the same upon the strand
 And my father sells his ass hole
 At the Elephant and Castle
 We're the finest whoring family in the land.

When you wake up in the morning
 With your hands upon your knees
 And the shadow of your penis on the wall
 And the hair a-growing thick
 Between your ass hole and your prick
 And the rats are playing snooker with your balls.

THE CHEETAS

177

Oh it is easy to see it's not the roosters
 For the roosters only crow
 And it is easy to see it's not the cobras
 For the cobra never put on such a wonderful show
 Oh it is easy to see it's not the foxes
 For the foxes are too few
 Oh it's easy to see, who else could it be
 But the Cheetas, every time.

MUSTANG'S RUN BY MERLIN

178

Mustang's run by Merlin, and Merlin's run by me
 I am run by (Sq CO), and he can climb a tree
 Oh we'll all hang old (Sq CO), to the top of the pole
 And we'll all be home by Christmas--
 In a pigs ass hole
(Sq CO) is run by Wg CO, and Wg CO run by AD CO
AD CO run by AF CO and AF CO knows where he can go
 Oh we'll hang old AF CO on the top of the pole
 And we'll all be home by Christmas.
 In a pigs ass hole.

THE CANDLE SONG

179

All the nice girls love a candle
 Cause a candle has a wick
 And there's something about a candle
 That reminds them of a prick
 Nice and greasy, slips in easy
 It's the maidens pride and joy
 You can hear them sing and hout
 As they pop it in and out
 Ship Ahoy! Ship Ahoy!

ARIGATO FOR THE MEMORIES
 (Tune- Thanks for the Memories)

180

Arigato for the memories
 Of train wrecks on the line
 Of Ginza marts and honey carts
 Arigato, so much.

ARIGATO FOR THE MEMORIES (Con't)

Arigato for the memories
of steaks we couldn't eat
Old left over meat
Of powdered milk and girls in silk
Kimonas on the street
Arigato, so much.

Few are the times we've feasted
And many's the time we've fasted
R and R's were swell while they lasted
We did have fun, and no harm done.

So Arigato for the memories
Of special allied cars
All the different bars
Of whiskey cokes and dirty jokes
Arigato, so much.

Arigato for the memories
Of dead fish on the shore
Rats behind the dooor
The Kamakura Buha and brocades that we all wore
Arigato so much.

Arigato for the memories
Of snacks at the PX
All those talks on sex
The broken bones we suffered, in Takusan jeepo wrecks
Arigato so much.

We say hello with martini's
We'll say sayonara with saki
The Japs won't forget all that khaki
Honshu's not the same, but we're glad we came
Arigato so much.

Arigato for the memories
Of lanterns after dark
Rickshaws in the park
The funny names, the baseball games
So Arigato, so much.

AURALEE

181

As the blackbirds in the spring
Neath the willow tree
Sat and piped the song they sang
Singing Auralee

Auralee--Auralee--Maid with the golden hair
Sunshine came along with thee
And shadows in your hair

Tell me why, the ivy twines
 Tell me why, the stars do shine
 Tell me why, the ocean's blue
 I'll tell you why, it's because I love you.

Because God made, the ivy twine
 Because God made, the stars to shine
 Because God made, the oceans blue
 Because God made you, is why I love you.

BATTLE HYMN
 (Tune-Battle Hymn of the Republic)

We fly our fucking Sabres at 10,000 fucking feet
 We fly our fucking Sabres through the rain and snow and sleet
 And though we think we're flying south
 We're flying fucking north
 And we make our fucking landfall on the firth of fucking forth.

Chorus: Glory, glory halleluia, Glory, Glory Halleluia
 Glory, Glory Halleluia, (Insert last line each verse).

We fly those fucking Sabres at fuck all 1,000 feet
 We fly those fucking Sabres through the trees and corn and wheat
 And though we think we fly with skill
 We fly with fucking luck
 But we don't give a fucking damn or care a fucking fuck.

We fly those fucking sabres at 10,000 fucking feet
 We fly those fucking Sabres through the rain and snow and sleet
 And though we think we're flying up
 We're flying fucking down
 And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground.

SPANISH GUITAR

Oh the first port of call it was Aden, Aden
 Where the girls wouldn't screw, but we made 'em Made 'em

Chorus: Three dollars you pay, for a bang up each way
 And a tune on a Spanish Guitar plink, plink, plink
 Singing Hi-ziggy-ziggy, fuck a little piggy sideways
 Swish-swish
 My idea of a woman is a big fat whore
 Shit-bang, Fuck-stick
 Three dollars you pay, for a bang up each way
 And a tune on a Spanish Guitar plink, plink, plink

Oh the next port of call it was Boston, Boston
 Where the girls wouldn't screw, but we forced 'em, forced 'em.

SPANISH GUITAR (Con't)

Oh the next port of call it was Malta, Malta
Where the girls wouldn't, but ought'a, oughta

Oh the next port of call it was Suwon, Suwon
Where the girls they would do it for two won, two won

IN THE TALL GRASS

185

In the tall tall grass
Young Mary lay a-sleeping
When out of the tall grass
A pilot came a-creeping
With his long dingle dangle dinging
Right down to his knee.

Three months have gone by
Young Mary she grew bolder
She wished that the pilot
Would come and do it over
With his long dangle dingle dangling

Six months have gone by
And Mary she grew fatter
The neighbors did wonder
Just who had been at her
With his long dingle dangle dinging
Right down to his knee.

Nine months have gone by
And Mary burst asunder
And out jumped a pilot
With his 67th number
With his skoshe dangle dingle dangling
Right down to his knee.

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN

186

The maid of the mountain
She pisses like a little fountain
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo
Hang down to her knees

One black one, one white one
And one with a little shite on
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo
Hang down to her knees

There's a red one, there's a cherry one
There's one with a dingle-berry on
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo
Hang down to her knees.

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN (Con't)

I've been there, I've seen it
I've been right between it
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo
Hang down to her knees.

I've smelt it, I've felt it
And it feels just like velvet
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo
Hang down to her knees.

I've tangled, I've dangled
I've fucking near got strangled
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo
Hang down to her knees.

BYE BYE BLACKBIRD
(Tune- Bye Bye Blackbird)

187

There was a man, he was no good
He took a girlie in the wood
He flies mustangs
Then he took off all her clothes
And her shoes, and her hose
He flies Mustangs
He took her where nobody else could find her
Took a string and tied her hands behind her
Walked away and began to sing
Began to sing, ting-a=ling
Mustangs, I fly.

SEPBSQA
(Don't ask me what that means--I don't know either)

188

Oh, I loved her and I kissed her in the moonlight
And the moon shone bright all day
Oh, I loved her and I kissed her in the moonlight
And the moon shone bright all day
Gol darn that moon.

MOTHER HUMBERS BALL
(Tune- Darktown Strutters Ball)

189

Oh there's gonna be a ball at the Mother Humpers Hall
The witches and the bitches gonna be there all
Now honey don't be late, cause they're passin out pussy, bout half
past eight
Now I've humped in France and I've humped in Spain
I've been humpin' on the coast of Maine
But the best piece I ever saw
Was when I humped my mother in law
Last Saturday night at the Mother Humpers Ball

TWO LADIES WERE CONFIDING
(Tune- River Shannon Flows)

190

Two ladies were confiding
On a streetcar where they were riding
Oh they must have been school teachers
Their conversation ran that way
On said, "How many children do you have"
She replied, "I've thirty thank you"
And when the same was asked the other
She said "I've got thirty two"
An old, Irish Lady, seated across the aisle
Said I heard your conversation
And I greet you with a smile
You must have been grand ladies
To have had so many babies
But your husbands must have come from
Where our River Shannon flows.

MINNIE THE MERMAID

191

Many's the night I spent with Minnie the Mermaid
Down at the bottom of the sea
Minnie lost her morals, down there among the corals
Gee, but she was mighty nice to me
Now many's the night with the pale moon shining
Down on her seaweed bungalow
Ashes to ashes, dust, to dust
Two twin beds and only one of them mussed.

Now you can easily see, she's not my mother
Because my mother's forty nine
And you can easily see, she's not my sister
Because I wouldn't show my sister
Such a hell-uv-a good time
And you can easily see, she's not my sweetheart
Because my sweetheart's too refined
She's just a peach of a kid
She never knew what she did
She's just a personal friend of mine.

GLORIOUS

192

Now the first thing they prayde for
They prayed for their king
Glorious, glorious, glorious king
If he have one son, May he also have ten
May he have a fucken army, cried the airmen. Amen

Chorus: Now the Squadron Leader and the Wing Commander
And the Group Captain too
Hands in their pockets with fuck all to do
Robbing the pay of the poor Acey-Due
May the lord shit you sideways
Cried the airmen fuck you.

GLORIOUS (Con't)

Now the next thing they prayed for
The prayed for their Queen
Glorious, glorious, glorious Queen
If she have one daughter, may she also have ten

Now the next thing they prayed for
They prayed for their beer
Glorious, glorious, glorious, beer
If we have one beer, may we also have ten
May we have a fucking brewery, cried the airmen. Amen

DRUNK

193

Drunk last night, drunk the night before
Gonna get drunk tonight, as I've never been drunk before
Cause when I'm drunk, I'm as happy as can be
Cause I am a member of the souse family.

Now the souse family is the best family
That ever came over from old Germany
There's the Highland Dutch, and the Lowland Dutch
The Rotterdam Dutch and the Goddamn Dutch.

Singing Glorious, Glorious
One keg of beer for the four of us
Glory be to God that there are no more of us
For one of us could drink it all alone, Damn Near
Here's to the Irish, dead drunk -----The lucky stiff.

HARRIGAN

194

H--A, Double R--I, G--A--N spells Harrigan
Sure I'm proud of all the Irich that's in me
And a devil a man can say a word agin' me
H--A, Double R--I, G--A--N, you see
That's a name to which no shame has ever
 been connected with Harrigan, that's me.

KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR

195

I left the canteen early, it was shortly after nine
And by a stroke of fortune, her room was next to mine
Like any brave "Columbo" with regions to explore
I took up my position by the keyhole in the door.

Chorus: Oh, the keyhole in the doopr, oh, the keyhole in the door
 I took up my position by the keyhole in the door.

She crossed over to the fireplace her lovely figure to warm
With only a silken nighty to hide her gorgeous from
I prayed that she would take it off, just that and nothing more
By, God, I saw her do it through the keyhole in the door.

KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR (Con't)

Now after many a pounding upon that paneled door
And after many a pleading, I crossed that threshold floor
So no one would over see what I had seen before
I hung her silken night o'er the keyhole in the door.

That night I slept in clover and other things besides
And on that snow-white bosom I had a wonderful time
I awoke next morning early, my back it was sore
You'd think I'd been crawling through the keyhole in the door.

Now listen all you astronomers who think you are so wise
Who gaze into your telescopes into the starry skies
One thing I have to tell you, one thing and nothing more
Your telescopes are "bug-aroo-ed" to the keyhole in the door.

WHIFFENPOOF SONG

196

To the tables down at Maury's,
To the place where Louie dwells,
To the dear old Temple Bar we loved so well
Sit the Whiffenpoofs assembled
With their glasses raised on high,
And the magic of their singing casts a spell,
Yes, the magic of their singing
Of the songs we love so well,
"Shall I wasting" and Mavournee" and the rest.
We are poor little lambs who have lost our way,
Baa, baa, baa
We are poor little black sheep who have gone astray
Baa, baa, baa.
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree,
Damned from here to eternity.
God have mercy on such as we,
Baa, baa, baa.

LAST NIGHT (Tune- Finicule-Finecula)

197

Last night I stayed up late to masturbate.
It felt so good--I knew It would
Last night I stayed up late to beat my meat.
It felt so nice--I did it twice.

You should really see me on the short strokes;
It feels so grand, I use my hand.
You must really catch me on the long strokes;
It feels so neat, I use my feet.

Shake it, break it, beat it on the floor;
Smash it, bash it, thrust it through the door;
Some people seem to think that fucking's grand,
But for all around enjoyment I prefer to use my hand.

Some people say a man is made out of fear,
But a fighter pilot's made out of whiskey and beer--
Whiskey and beer, rum and rye,
If you fly the dot your sure to spin in.

Chorus: You fly sixteen times, what d' you get
Another day alder and your weapon is bent.
Col Donaldson don't you call me, I'm weak and lame
I lost my ass in a poker game.

I awoke one morning when the sun didn't shine
Got my 'chute and went down to the line
Down to the line to fly the "D"
But it was raining so hard I couldn't see.

I scrambled one morning with blood in my eye,
I'd had my fill of overholt rye--
Shot sixteen holes in a T-33
They're going to hand my ass from a coconut tree.

When you see me comin' better break to the right
"Cause the 26th Fighter had a party last night--
My eyeballs are red an' I'm mean as a bear,
Believe me SAMAP better clear the air.

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

199

I used to work in Chicago, in a department store
I used to work in Chicago, I did but I don't any more
A lady came, she asked for a hat
I asked her what kind she adored
Felt she said, and felt her I did
I did but I don't any more

cake - layer	Glue - Paste	Food - Pet
Lamp - Floor	Cream - Massage	Razor - Injector
Birds - Love	Girdle - Rubber	Scarf - Neck

IT'S TRAGIC

200

You smile your teeth fall out, your hair smells like sauerkraut
It's Tragic
The bugs desert the air, and rush to nestle in your hair
It's tragic

It takes one look to know you have no charms
You're just a bag of bones with long surrounding arms
Your eyes are big and round
There's one that's blue and one that's brown
It's Tragic

You part your hair in place
And it keeps sliding down your face
It's Tragic

And as I tell myself, These things that happen are not really true
Yet in my heart I know the tragedy is really you.

Into the air 69ers,
 Into the air upside down.
 Into the air 69ers,
 Set your sights and let's go down, we'll all go down.
 And when we see those bastard Commies,
 And we make them shit a pound.
 Your can bet those 69ers,
 Are all going down.

Into the air 69ers
 Onto your back,, soixante-neuf"
 We'll blast those MIG's, 69ers.
 And watch their ass go Poof, Poof, Poof.
 And when you see those, "Golf-balls" flying.
 And the flak begins to blast.
 You can bet the 69ers
 Will bite 'em in the ass.

HORSE SHIT

202

There was a pilot of great renown,
 There was a pilot of great renown,
 There was a pilot of great renown,
 Until he fucked a girl from our town--
 Fucked a girl from our town--
 Ha ha ha, ho ho ho, horse shit.

He laid her in a feather bed,
 He laid her in a feather bed, he laid her in a feather bed,
 And-then-he twisted out her maidenhead,
 Twisted out her maidenhead--
 Ha ha ha, ho ho ho, horse shit.

He laid her on a winding stair,
 He laid her on a winding stair,
 He laid her on a winding stair,
 And-then-he shoved it in clear up to there--
 Soved it in clear up to there--
 Ha ha ha, ho ho ho, horse shit.

He laid her down beside a stump,
 He laid her down beside a stump,
 He laid her down beside a stump,
 And-then-he missed her cunt and split the stump,
 Missed her cunt and split the stump--
 Ha ha ha, ho ho ho, horse shit.

He laid her down beside a pond,
 He laid her down beside a pond,
 He laid her down beside a pond,
 And-then-he fucked her with his magic wand,
 Fucked her with his magic wand--
 Ha ha ha, ho ho ho, horse shit.

HORSE SHIT (Con't)

He laid her on the dewey grass,
He laid her on the dewey grass,
He laid her on the dewey grass,
And-then-he shoved the old boy up her ass,
Shoved the old boy up her ass,
Haa ha ha, ho ho ho, horse shit.

He took her to the countryside,
He took her to the countryside,
He took her to the countryside,
And-then-he fucked the girl until she died,
Fucked the girl until she died,
Ha ha ha, ho ho ho, horse shit.

He took her to the burial ground,
He took her to the burial ground,
He took her to the burial ground,
And-then-he thought he'd have another round
Thought he'd have another round,
Ha ha ha ha, ho ho ho-----HORSE SHIT, HORSE SHIT.

FOGGY, FOGGY DEW

203

Oh, I am a bachelor, I live all alone.
I work at the weaver's trade
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong,
Was to woo affair young maid
I wooed her in the summer time
Part of the winter too.
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
Was to sheild her from the Foggy, Foggy Dew.

One night she came to my bedside
As I lay fast asleep
This pretty, pretty maid
Knelt by my bedside
And there she began to weep.
She -- wept, she cried
She damn near died
Alas, what could I do.
So I took her into bed
And covered her head
Just to shield her from the Foggy, Foggy Dew.

Now a year has gone by
Still a bachelor am I.
And I work at the weaver's trade
Comes a--Knocking at my door
It's a voice I've heard before.
'Tis the voice of the fair young maid
She handed me a little one
He siad, what can I do." So I took him into bed just to cover up his head
Just to shield him from the Foggy, Foggy Dew.

LITTLE RED LIGHT
(Tune- "My blue Heaven")

204

A turn to the right, a little red light, will lead you to my red haven.
You'll see a smiling face on a pillowcase, a form devine.
Just a little old whore who's been screwed before,
A thousand times.
Just Molly and me, ther'll never be three.
We're careful in our red haven.

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW
(Tune- March of the Toy Soldiers)

205

Do your balls hang low, do they swing to and fro
Can you tie them in a know can you tie 'em in a bow
Can you throw them o'er your shoulder like a European Soldier
Do you balls hang low.

In days of old when knights were bold,
They shit right in their britches,
The wiped their ass with broken glass
Those thought old sons of bitches.

IN days of old when knights were bold,
And woman wore mere trifles
They hung their balls upon the walls,
And shot them down with rifles.

In days of old when knights were bold,
And women weren't particular.
They binded them up against the wall,
And fucked them perpendicular.

In days of old when knights were bold,
They wore all leather britches,
The beat their pricks with hickory sticks
And yell'd like sons of bitches.

VIRGIN STURGEON
(Tune- Ruben, Reben, I've been Thinking)

206

Caviar comes from a virgin sturgeon
Virgin Sturgeon is a very fine fish
Virgin Sturgeon needs no urgin'
That's why caviar is my dish.

Shad Roe comes from a scarlet shad fish
Shad fish have a very sad fate
Pregant shad fish is a sad fish
Got that way without a mate.

Osyters they are fishy bivalves
They ave youngsters in their shell
How they diddle is a riddle
But they do so what the hell.

VIRGIN STURGEON (Con't)

The green sea turtle's mate is happy
With her lovers winning way
First he grips her with his flipper
The he flips the grips for days

Mrs clam is optimistic
Shoots her eggs out in the sea
Hopes her suitor is a shooter
Hits the selfsame spon as she.

Give a thought to the happy codfish
Always there when duty calls
Female cod fish is an odd fish
From her come your cod fish balls.

The trout is just a little salmon
Just half grown and minus scales
But the trout, just like the salmon
Can't get on without his tail.

Luckiest fish are the comman starfish
When for offspring they essay
Yes my hearties they have parties
In the good old fashoined way.

I fed caviar to my girl frien
She was a virgin tried and true
Now that virgin needs no urgin
There ain't nothin' she won't do.

I fed caviar to my grandpa
He was a man of ninety three
Screams and shrieks were heard from grandma
He had chased her up a tree.

I fed caviar to my grandma
She came sown out of that tree
Now my gradma and my grandpa
Start to raise a family.

I fed some caviar to my rooster
I fed some caviar to my cow
Now the barnyard sure looks funny
All the cows have feathers now.

JOIN THE AIR FORCE

207

Chorus: Oh, why did I join the air Force
Mother dear, Dear mother knew best
Here I lie beneath a wreckage
A sabre jet over my chest.

Now when you are out on a mission
A MIG 15 makes a fine pass
Reach over squeeze both of those handles
The hell with the ship save your ass.

As we were flying through the sky
One bright and sunny day,
We spied a big black thunderstorm
Alying in our way--
Fly right on through, the colonel said,
We do most anything,
And now we're up in heaven
And hear the angels sing.

Oh it's so very nice up here
Away up in the sky,
There no one here with hen-house ways
There is no TDY
The food is good, the CO'S swell
We have no need to fear,
There's no such thing as OCS--
We all wear wings up here.

As we looked down on earth one day
We saw a gruesome sight,
It made our blood run very cold
It turned our livers white,
The whole command from Omaha
Was headed up this way.
We called our lord before us
And all knelt down to pray.

The General told our boss, the Lord.,
Now this is not a prank,
He shouted in a might voice
Just what's your date of rank!
The lord sat there--his head was bowed,
The General shouted clear
There's just not room in heaven
For two CO's up here!

The lord he called us 'fore the throne
And these last words he said,
Your tour up here is done, my boys
Your might as well be dead,
We'll send you out on PCS
But names we cannot tell,
One half to go three nine o six,
The other half to H-E-L-L.

BANG IT INTO LULU

209

Some girls work in factories
Some girls work in stores
My girl works in a knockin' shop
With forty other whores.

Chorus: Bang it into Lulu
 Bang it good and strong
 What'll we do for banging
 When Lulu's dead and gone.

Wish I was a pisspot
 Under Lulu's bed
 Every time she stooped to pee
 I'd see her maidenhead.

Whish I was a finger
 On Lulu's little hand
 Every time she wiped her ass
 I'd see the promised land.

Lulu had a baby
 She had it on a rock
 She couldn't call it Lulu
 'Cause the bastard had a cock.

Lulu had a baby
 She named it Sonny Jim
 She threw it in the pisspot
 To teach it how to swim

Last time I saw Lulu
 I haven't seen her since
 She was suckin' off a tiger
 Through a barbed wire fence.

IN THE SPRINGTIME

210

In the springtime, in the springtime
 In the springtime of yore
 I met a young lady who looked like a ---
 Darling young maiden, as she lay in the grass
 And gently rolled over to show me her---
 Diamonds and Bracelets and lettles pet duck
 And told be she'd teach me a new way to ---
 Bring up my children and teach them to knit
 While farmers in barnyards were shoveling out ---
 Feed for their horses and cattle and sheep
 In the springtime, in the springtime
 In the springtime so sweet.

THE COMMIES LAMENT
 (Tune- Clementine)

211

Onee a flier, do or dier, in his faithful Sabre true
 After bitchin, flew a mission, to the town of Sinianju
 Still in flight he, saw some mighty Russian MIG's upon his tail
 With a quiver, and a shiver, he let out an awful wail.

THE COMMIES LAMENT (Con't)

Chorus: Sayonara, Sayonara, Sayonara, Ah So Des
If you find me, never mind me,
I will be an awful mess.

Then a Mustang, went in busting, Just to see what he could do
But alas, he made a pass and that was all, they got him too
Thought an 80 I'm so great he'll never get a shot at me
Wasn't gone long when his swan song
Sounded just like this to me.

Then a Thunder Jet who hadn't blundered yet
Thought he'd try it all alone
Like a blotter hit the water, shook the hand of Davey Jones
So the tally in MIG alley isn't quite like all the claims
But as a fair course to the Air Force
We won't mention any names.

OLD NUMBER NINE

212

Twas a dark and stormy night, not a star was in sight
All the Mustangs were tied down to the line
When in rain up to his ears, stood a lonely volunteer
With his orders to fly old number nine.

His ass was racked with pain as he climbed into his plane
And his bung hole was puckered fit to tie
And he whispered a prayer as he climbed into the air
For he knew that this was his night to die.

As he flew o'er Haga-ru he could see a school or two
And the women and children very well
But how was he to know that he'd fly so Goddamned low
That his bomb blast would blow his ass to hell.

In the wreck he was found thinly spread out on the ground
And the crunchies they raised his weary head
With his life almost spent here's the message that he sent
To his buddies who'd be sad to see him dead.

I used an 8 to 10 delay but it didn't work out that way
Without a tail an F4U won't fly
Tell the Skipper for me, that he now has twenty three
He can roll up the ladder---Semper Fi.

COOL

213

I'm as cool as the tip of an eskimo's tooth
I'm as cool as a fish in a frozen pool
Cool as a pane of frosty glass
Cool as the fringe around a polar bear's ass
Cool

A big black bull came down from the mountain
Houston, Sam Houston
A big black bull came down from the mountain
Long time ago
Long time ago o o o, Long time ago o o o
A big black bull came down from the mountain
Long time ago

He spied a heifer in the pasture grazin
Houston, Sam Houston
He spied a heifer in the pasture grazin
Long time ago
Long time ago o o o, Long time ago o o o
He spied a heifer in the pasture grazin
Long time ago.

He yumped that fence and he yumped that heifer
Houston, Sam Houston
He yumped that fence and he yumped that heifer
Long time ago
Long time ago o o o, Long time ago o o o
He yumped that fence and he yumped that heifer
Long time ago.

He missed that heifer and pffft in the pasture
Houston, Sam Houston
He missed that heifer and pffft in the pasture
Long time ago
Long time ago o o o, Long time ago o o o
He missed that heifer and pffft in the pasture
Long time ago.

The big black bull went back to the mountain
Exhausted, Exhausted
The big black bull went back to the mountain
Long time ago
Long time ago o o o, Long time ago o o o
The big black bull went back to the mountain
Long time ago.

I AIN'T GOT NO USE FOR THE WOMEN

215

I ain't got no use for the women;
A true one can never be found
They'll use a man for his money
When it's gone, they'll turn him down
They're all alike at the bottom
Selfish, and grasping for all
They'll stick by a man when he's winning
And laugh in his face at his fall.

I AIN'T GOT NO USE FOR THE WOMEN (Con't)

I once knew a young cow puncher
Honest and upright and square
But he turned to a hard shootin gunman
And a woman put him there
He fellin with evil companions
The kind that are better off dead
When a gambler insulted her picture
He filled him full of lead.

All thru that long night they chased him
Thru mesquite and tall chaparral
And I couldn't help think of her picture
When I saw him pitch and fall
If she'd been the pal she should have
He might have been raising a son
Instead of out on the prairie
To die by a rangers gun.

Death's sharp sting did not trouble
His chances for life were to slim
But where they were putting his body
Was all that worried him
He lifted his head on his elbow
The blood from his wound ran red
He looked at his pals grouped around him
And this is what he said.

"Bury me out on the prairie
Where the coyotes howl over my grave
Bury me out on the prairie
But from them my bones please save
Wrap me up in my blanket
And bury me deep in the ground
Cover me over with boulders of granite, huge and round".

So we buried him out on the prairie
Where the coyotes they howl o'er his grave
And his soul is now a resting from the unkind cut she gave
And many another young puncher,
As he rides past that pile of stones
Recalls, of similar woman
And thinks of his moulderin bones.

HINKY DI

216

Up in Korea midst high rocks and snow
The poor Chinese Commie is feeling quite low
For as the Corsairs roar by overhead
He knows that his buddies all soon will be dead.

Chorus: Hinky di Dinky Dinky di
Hinky di Dinky Dinky di.

HINKY DI (Con't)

Lin Pao went way up to cold Kato Ri
His prize Chinese army in action to see
He got there a holf hour after the U's
And all that he found was their hats and their shoes.

Run little chink men save your ass run
For 323 is out looking for fun
As the big white nosed Corsairs came down in their dives
You'll know the deathrattlers are after you lives.

Uncle Joe Stalin your stooges have found
It just doesn't pay to invade foreign ground
For when they disturb the severe morning calm
They brought on the rockets, bombs and napalm.

Here's to the 2-C, the vought people too
And their well known product the blue F4U
To all gyrene pilots and carriers at sea
And to the deathrattlers squadron ol' 323.

We fought at Pyong Yang and at Hagaru
At Kumbawa and Kaesang and Oyangbu
So here's to our pilots and here's to our crew
The target, the snake, and the blue F4U.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS
(Tune- Old 97)

217

He was comin' on the downwind doin' one ninety per
When his Hundred went into a spin
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle
And his body all covered with gin.

Now the Pratt man said, "It can't be the engine
'Cause that engine never chugs."
So upon examination, pulling blades in every station
They found it was the jet mix sludge.

Chorus: (Low and Soft) (Tune- Funeral March)
Ten thousand dollars going home to the folks
Ten thousand dollars going home to the folks
Oh won't they be excited, Oh won't they be delighted
Just think of what they can buy
Ten thousand dollars going home to the folks.

I SAW HER SNATCH

218

I saw her "snatch" her satchel from the window
I held her for a moment in the rain
I kissed her "as" she hurried to the station
To see her brother "Jack off" the train.

TIE MY ROOT AROUND A TREE
(Tune- Chisolm Trail)

219

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a penny
She said boy you can't have any.

Chorus: Come and tie my root around a tree, round a tree
Come and tie my root around a tree.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a nickel
She said for that you don't even get a tickle.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a dime
She said young man you're wasting your time.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a quarter
She said young man I'm a preachers daughter

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a half
She said young man you make me laugh.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out six bits
All she did was wiggle her tits.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a buck
She said young man you've bought a fuck.

Took her to the kitchen, laid her on the sink
Oh my God how her pussy did stink.

Fucked her sittin', fucked her lyin'.
If I'd had wings I'd a fucked her flyin'.

I awoke in the morning, and guess what I saw
Fifteen chancers and a big blue ball.

I went to the doctor, cause my pecker was sore
My God said the doctor you've been taken by a whore.

And now you can see, I'm a perckerless man
I fuck em with my finger and fool em when I can.

Now the last time I saw her, and I haven't seen her since
She was jacking off a doggie through a barbed wire fence.

CREEPING AND CRAWLING

220

One night as I was crawling and creeping, creeping, creeping
I spied a young maiden so peacefully sleeping,
So roll you leg over, so roll your leg over, over more

I said to her can I come to bed with you
And then she replied you're not handcuffed or tied
So roll you leg over, so roll your leg over, over more.

CREEPING AND CRAWLING (Con't)

Her drawers were tight and I could not get in them
And then she replied there's a knife on the table

The knife was sharp and her drawers split asunder
And then we were banging like lightening and thunder
So roll your leg over, so roll your leg over, over more.

In about nine months lay the poor maid asunder
And then she remembered the lightning and thunder
So roll your leg over, so roll your leg over, over more.

HUMORESQUE

221

Passengers will please refrain
From flushing the toilets while the train
Is standing in the station, I love you
As we go strolling through the park
And goosing shadows in the dark
If Shermans horse can take it, why can't you.

You're the guy that did the pushing
Put the wet spots on the cushion
Foot prints on the dash board upside down
Ever since you met my daughter
She's had trouble passing water
Wish that you had never come to town.

I'm the guy that did the pushing
Put the wet spots on the cushion
Foot prints on the dash board upside down
Since I met your daughter Venus
I've had trouble with my penis
Wish I'd never seen this God damn town.

I LOVE A BILLBOARD

222

I love a billboard, I always will
A sexy billboard gave me, my first thrill
When I was only a little child
A sexy billboard drove me wild.

HERE' TO _____

223

Here's to _____, he's true blue
He's a drunkard through and through
He's a drunkard so they say
Oh he tried to go to Heaven
But he went the other way
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug.

Have you ever been in an Irishmans shanty
 Where shiskey is plent and the money is scanty
 A bed on the floor, a roof of thatch
 And a string on the door instead of a latch
 Now there were icepicks and toothpicks
 And all kinds of lunatics, ice cream and cold cream
 The girls were drinking kerosene.

Now the night that Paddy Murphy died is one I'll not forget
 The boys they started drinking and some ain't sober yet
 Now the night that Paddy Murphy died
 They came from far and near
 They took the ice right off the corpse, and but it in the beer.

And that's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy
 That's how we showed our honor and our pride
 That's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy
 On the night that Paddy died.

THE HAIRY CHESTED EIGHT SIX

225

We're from the Eight Six
 The hairy chested Eight Six
 Whenever we go out and have a ball
 We take delight in stirring up a fight
 And knocking hawks and tigers in the head
 Till they're dead.
 HA, HA, HA
 HO, HO, HO
 HEE, HEE, HEE

We have gotten
 A rep for being rotten
 We put poison in our CO's Cream of Wheat
 We're from the Eight Six
 The hairy chested Eight Six
 And we eat (ROAR) Raw Meat!
 (Call the waiter - More Beer)

THE MOST CHIVILROUS FISH

226

The most chivilrous fish in the ocean
 To ladies forbearing and mild
 Though his record be dark, is the man-eating shark
 Who will eat neither woman or child.

He dines upon seamen and skippers
 And a tourist will his hunger aswage
 And a fresh cabin boy, will inspire him with joy
 If he's past the maturity age.

THE MOST CHIVILROUS FISH (Con't)

A doctor a lawyer or preacher
He'll gobble up any fine day
But the ladies, God Bless 'em, he'll only address 'em
Politely and go on his way.

I can raedily dite you an instance
Of a lovely young lady from Broom
Who was tender and sweet, and delicious to eat
And fell into the bay with a scream.

She struggled and flounced in the water
And signaled in vain for her barque
She would surely have drowned, if she had not been found
By a chivilrous man-eating shark.

He bowed in his manner most charming
Thus soothing her impulses wild
Don't be frightened, he said, I've been properly bred
And will eat neither woman nor child.

He proffered his fin and she took it
Such gallantry none can dispute
And the passengers cheered, as the vessel they neared
And the broadside was fired in salute.

They soon were alongside the vessel
A life saving dinghy was lowered
With a pick of the crew, and her relatives too
And the mate and the skipper aboard.

They had her on board in a jiffy
The shark stood attention the while
Then he raised up his flipper, and gobbled up the skipper
And went on his way with a smile.

This shows that the king of the ocean
To ladies forbearing and mild
Though his record be dark, is the man-eating shark
Who will eat neither woman nor child.

LETS HAVE A PARTY

227

Parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
So lets have a party.

We're gonna tear down the bar in your town	Boo
We're gonna build a <u>new</u> bar	Ray
It's only gonna be one foot wide	Boo
But it'll be a <u>mile</u> long	Ray
There'll be no bartenders in our bar	Boo
We're gonna have barmaids	Ray

LETS HAVE A PARTY (CON'T)

Our barmaids will wear long dresses	Boo
Made of cellophane	Ray
You can't take our barmaids home	Boo
They'll take you home	Ray
You can't sleep with our barmaids	Boo
They won't let you sleep	Ray
Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass	Boo
Whiskey free	Ray
Only one to a customer	Boo
Served in buckets	Ray
We're gonna throw all the beer in the river	Boo
They we'll all go for a swim	Ray
No girls allowed above the first floor	Boo
With their clothes on	Ray
There'll be no loving on the dance floor	Boo
And no dancing on the loving floor	Ray

Parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
SO LET'S HAVE A PARTY.

SHANTY TOWN

228

There's a shanty in the town on the little plot of ground
With the green grass growin all around, all around
The roofs so worn so badly torn that it tumbles to the ground
Just a tumble down shack and its built way back
'bout twenty-five feet from the railroad tracks
Lingers on my mind most all of the time
Keeps calling me back to my little grass shack
I'd be just as sassy as Haile Selasse
If I were a king wouldn't mean a thing
Put my boots on tall read the writing on the wall
And it wouldn't mean a thing, not a goddamned thing
There's a queen waiting there in a rocking chair
Just blowing her top on Gaitors beer
I'm looking all around and trucking on down
'Cause I gotta get back to my shanty town.

MOM'S IN BED

229

Mom's in bed, Pops on top
Kid's in the cradle say'n shoot it to her pop

Moms in bed, pops in jail
Sis is in the gorner yellin pussy for sale

Moms in the kitchen, pops locked up
My hunch=backed brothers got my sister knocked up
Got a model T Ford, a tank full of gas
A mouth full of titty and a hand full of ass
Haven't got a nickel, haven't got a dime
A house full of kids and none of them mine.

STREET CLEANER SONG
(Tune--Carolina In The Morning)

230

Nothing could be meaner
Than to be a street cleaner
In the Morning
Nothing could be bluer
Than to pick up horse manure
In the morning.

When the horses unload
That's what I really hate
Cleaning up horse manure
From four AM till eight
Strolling with my pushcart
When the breezes smell like cheeze
In the morning.

There's nothing more I fear
Than a horse with diarrhea
In the morning
Why can't they drop those little balls
That don't stick to my overalls
In the morning
If I had Alladins lamp for only a day
I would make a wish or two
And here's what I'd say
I wish they would put classes
All around those horses asses
In the morning.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

231

That louse of a boarder
Who else could it be
While I was away at work
That lousy jerk filled in for me
Oh I didn't get angry
Though it's driving me wild
For he may be the father of my only child.

Oh the baby's forst words were manana
It was then I could plainly see
That it was a real mexicana
And there'sno Spanish blood in me.

Oh I stabbed that boarder
I stabbed him that day
I cut him from the Rio Grande to the Sante Fe
I cut off his boleros
Now he'll never play
South of the border, in a Mexican way.

Since the 45th came to Sidi Slimane
They've got the French girls going insane
The French girls say they treat them nice
And they give them a better price.

Chorus: Drinkin rum and coca cola
Go down Port Lyautey
Both mother and daughter
Working for a Yankee dollar.

In French Morocco it is mighty clear
The Frenchman gets one can of beer
While the 45th leads a life so fine
Just making whopee all the time.

The SAC boys came to Sidi this year
The girls all thought that they were queer
They don't dance, they just drink beer
They're glad that the 45th is here
The bomber jockeys came and left the girls so cold
They acted like a million years old
They don't spend money so they say
The wives in the states get all their pay.

Before we landed on this field
The Officers Club showed little yield
But now we'll build a club De Lux
The 45th is on the books.

The American arms so they say
Allow Frauleins only through the day
There's that click click click all the night
But the O.D. says it's quite all right.

Chorus: Drinkin rum and cocacola
Go down to Walhalla
Both mother and daughter
Working for the yankee dollar.

Up in Deutschland it is clear
The girls don't drink much gin or beer
They will play and they will sin
But you've got to give up your Sabre pin.

Up in Frankfurt late one night
Our tech rep got mighty tight
Made passionate love to a blonde in black
Now they're takin stitches in his back.

To the tables down at Sidi
To the place where Chester dwells
To the dear old Dallas Bar we loved so well
Sang the motley crew assembled
With their glasses raised on high
And the horror of their singing sounds like hell.

Yes, the horror of their singing
Of the songs that should sound well
While we're wasting all the morning and our rest
We will serenade our Chester
While life and limb shall last
Till he's gone and been forgotten in the past.

We're the 3906th who have gone astray
Baa, baa, baa
We'll try to be good till rotation day
Baa, baa, baa
Officers, gentlemen, try to be
We think we'll be here till eternity
Oh, please send a replacement for me
Baa, baa, baa.

At the choir practice nightly
All the songs are sweet and low
Till that good old demon rum begins to flow
Then tonsils they get rusty
And the voices get off key
And the wives declare that now they have to go.

The women leave discretely
And the songs get more risqué
And tales of war are told by those who fly
They fight the war in Burma
And the war in Europe too
And each one tries to tell a bigger lie.

We are members of the Sidi choir
La, la la
We will sing the song that you desire
La, la, la
Cocks men we profess to be
Full of scotch type energy
Hope we live on past this spree
La, la, la.

ROTATIONAL EVE
(Tune- Red River Valley)

234

Life in Sidi Slimane is so peaceful
But the rumors are true that we've heard
The quiet is soon to be broken
By arrival of SAC's 303rd.

From old Tucson they say they are leaving
Leaving homes and sweet lovin wives
They will come here to old French Morocco
And complicate all of our lives.

Now they'll have lots of aircraft and people
And they'll have at least thirty I know
Who will spend all of their waking moments
Making work for the base AIO.

But we'll not be about to get excited
For the answer to most of our fears
Is to pass on the buck just as always
Straight on to the Corps of Engineers.

The odds are what we cannot please them
There are sure to be waits and delays
But if we can stand it for two years
They can stand it for just thirty days.

NAUGHTY LITTLE DOG

235

Once I had a naughty little dog
A naughty little dog was he
I loaned him to a lady friend
To keep her company.

Now all around the house that night
That naughty little dog did hunt
He'd stick his nose beneath her dress
And try to smell her----

Shame on you you naughty little dog
You make my temper rise
There's only one man in this whole world
Who can sleep between her-----

Thank the lady for the wine
I'll drink it for my supper
Damn the man who's got a girl
And ain't got the guts to-----

Fumble fumble all around
It's time that we should start
I ate some beans for supper
And I think I'm going to-----

NAUGHTY LITTLE DOG (Con't)

Forty dollars I will bid
And six bits I will pass
Damn the girl that stole my dice
And stuck them up her-----

Ask your partner for her name
I need it for a list
Excuse me while I go outside
And try to take a-----

Pistol belt around my hips
And around this town I'll frolic
Take your partners in the house
While he plays with his-----

Ball, play ball the umpire cried
Oh how that man can hit
Take him to the alley
Cause I think he's going to -----

Shame on you, you naughty little boy
You know that mule will kick
And there you stand behind him
With your hand upon his -----

Prick the elephant with the prod
To hear the monster yell
If he should step upon you
He would smash you all to ----

Help, help, the sailor crid
As through the sea he swam
Swim or sink the skipper said
Cause I don't give a-----

Damn my hide for every little thing
I'll sing a little more
Once I sat in a parlor
With my arms around a -----

Hold on there my pretty little girl
What is it that you say
If you should sit on another mans lap
You'd get a dose of -----

Clap, clap, clap your hands
My song will never last
If you don't like this song I sing
You can kiss my bloody ass.

SIDI SLIMANE SONG
(Tune- On top of Old Smoky)

236

Now gather round closely, and we'll sing this refrain
Bout life in Moracco, at Sidi Slimane
There's not enough women, to grace this bare land
But there's plenty of rag heads, Cactus and sand.

The heat in the daytime, will wither your soul
While all the long evenings, you shiver with cold
It's so hot in old Sidi, where no river flows
You'd think hell was above you, and heaven below.

Each man here will tell you, that he's malassigned
And the Air Force commanders, have all lost their minds
We here in Siddi, want to know why we're here
And we'll not find our answer, in a big glass of beer.

So we'll try some rye whiskey, and we'll try some rum
And a gallon of cognac, and the answer will come
We need some equipment, and we need some supplies
But any improvement, will be a surprise.

Work from dawn till sunset, on many big deals
While those boys from division, are dragging their heels
The boys you will notice, who take it so hard
Are recalled reservists, and the Air National Guard.

While I'm sitting here singing, I've had an idea
It's rough in Morocco, but death in Korea.

LET OLE MOTHER NATURE HAVE HER WAY

237

Boy-san wipe away them tears
We're goin down to the house of mirrors
To let ole mother nature have her way
Goin to look into them mirrors of glass
An watch myself get a piece of ass
Lettin ole mother nature have her way.

Chorus: Closer, come a skoshi bit closer
Oh there ain't no use to dick around this way
Put your belly close to mine
We're gonna go pom-pom four or five times
To let ole mother nature have her way.

Moshi-moshi Boy-san make a skoshi trip
Down to the Officers Club at the strip
To let ole mother nature have her way
We're goin down to that glorified pub
Known as the Allied Officers Club
To let ole mother nature have her way.

LET OLE MOTHER NATURE HAVE HER WAY (Con't)

Shrimp cocktails and a great big steak
Will really put us on the make
To let ole mother nature have her way
But before we go down to that palace of sin
We better load up with a few thousand Yen
To let ole mother nature have her way.

Hooray now here we are at last
Mama-san parade them jo-sans past
To let ole mother nature have her way
Now that 'un's as cute as a pup with specks
Them chi-chi's didn't come from no P.X.
Just let ole mother nature have her way.

Mama-san I'll take that one over there
With the great big chi-chi's and the sukoshie hair
To let ole mother nature have her way
Oh it shorely seems an awful sin
To pay this jo-san a thousand yen
To let ole mother nature have her way.

Jo-san taihen kawaii aa
Pom pom O-mae-ni suki des' ha
To let ole mother nature have her way
Hai, hai, so desu, suki desho
Keredomo shakuhachii suki nai yo
To let ole mother nature have her way.

Oh you wake up in the morning feeling like shit
And nine days later it starts to drip
To let ole mother nature have her way
You tell Doc Beetlebaum the fix you're in
He fills your ass full of penicillin
To let ole mother nature have her way.

But you will really begin to curse yore fate
When yore shankers break out as big as pie plate
To let ole mother nature have her way
Down to Doc Beetlebaum's office again
To get yore ass full of aureomycin
To let ole mother nature have her way.

Then one fine mornin you jump out of the sack
To find the little son-of-a-bitch has turned coal black
To let ole mother nature have her way
The doc says stand on your toes and cough
Imagine his surprise when yore balls fall off
To let ole mother nature have her way.

Don't worry doc Beetlebaum tells you the score
They'll never be missed on your next 60-4
To let ole mother nature have her way
But you'll sound a little funny transmittin for a fix
(High Voice) Hello D F Homer one, two, three, four, five, six
To let ole mother nature have her way.

We sold our cow
We sold our cow
We've got no use
For your bull now.

CLOVIS

239

He stood before the pearly gate
His face was scarred and old
He stood before the man of fate
For admission to the fold
"What have you done?" St Peter said
"I've been a fighter pilot, sir,
For many and many years
I've fought the dust and flown the 'D'
With the frozen chosen few
I've been at Clovis Air Force Base
And parts of Texas too.
The pearly gates swung open wide
St Peter touched the bell
"Come in and chose your harp, my friend
You've had your share of Hell".

RUGGED BUT RIGHT

241

I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right
A thief and a gambler and I'm drunk every night
I eat a porterhouse steak three times a day for my board
More than any ordinary guy can afford
I got a big 'lectric fan to keep me cool when I sleep
A good looking gal to play around with my feet
I'm just a rambling man, a gamblin' man, drunk every night
I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right.

I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right
A thief and a gambler and I'm drunk every night
I've got the hips that sank the ships of England, France and Peru
And If you're like Napoleon, it's your Waterloo
I'll take a fifteen intermission in the Ford V-8
I'd like to make it longer but I've got a late date
My motto is "Sin be gone with the wind" so lets be breezy tonight
I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged and right.

REMEMBER

242

Remember the night, when you were tight, my darling, remember
When I was on heat, and said you might, my darling, remember
Remember you found a tender spot, right in the middle of my twot
You said you'd withdraw before you shot
But you forgot to remember.

What's the use of drinking tea
 Indulging in sobriety
 Teetotaled perversity
 It's healthier to booze.

What's the use of milk and water
 These are drinks that never alter
 Be aloud in any quarter
 Come on lose your blues.

Mix yourself a shandy
 Drown yourself in brandy
 Sherry sweet or whisky neat
 Or any other liquor that is handy.

What's the blinking sense in drinking
 Anything that doesn't make you stinking
 There is nothing quite like sinking
 Blotto to the floor.

Abberations metabolic
 Ceilings that are hyperbolic
 These are for the alcholic
 Lying on the floor.

Vodka for your auntie
 Gin to make you hearty
 Lemonade was only made
 For drinking when your mothers' at the party.

Steer clear of home made beer
 Or anything that isn't labelledclear
 There is nothing elst to fear
 Bottoms up my boys.

UP THE DUFF

244

My girl-friend's up the duff in Canberra city,
 She's only got another month to go
 I took her out to Luna Park, and went aboard the dipper
 Then coming down the stairs I tried my very best to trip her
 It looks as tho' its going to be a very stubborn nipper
 For she's only got another month to grow
 She's gone about as far as she can go.

She told me many months ago that it was getting late
 According to the calendar I've only one to wait
 Four weeks and a day or two should be the opening date.

I took her to the doctor, I took her to a quacks
 I took her on a motor bike over bumpy tracks
 But I expect a rebate on my next year's income tax.

The 523rd went out to fly one dark and stormy night
 And as they taxied past I heard the old Colonel say
 The 523rd is gonna' fly, it makes me mighty proud
 To know I have one squadron who will penetrate a cloud.

The Five and Dime went out to fly one bright and sunny day
 And as they taxied past I heard the old Colonel say
 The Five and Dime is gonna' fly, I've got a right to sweat
 They auger in a booger up-I'll loose my eagles yet.

Chorus: What a bunch of meatheads! What a bunch of schmoos!
 The PAF and Navy can stay, but they have to go!

A LOST FIGHTER PILOT
 (Tune- The Wiffenpoof Song)

246

In the sky at angels 40
 In a thunderstorm so black
 Sat a pilot in his delta Dagger Jet
 Now his engine was a'chuggin and he thought the end was near
 But he didn't want to buy the farm just yet
 Now his TACAN wasn't pointing and his radar set was bent
 And the fuel in his tanks was going fast
 So he pressed the black mike botton and breathed into the air
 MAYDAY-MAYDAY-RAISOR-RAISOR save my ass.

I'm a poor fighter pilot on a cross-country, S-O-S
 That I'm lost you can plainly see, S-O-S
 It's so lonely way up here
 Just get me back and I'll buy the beer
 S-O-S.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

247

The first time I saw her she was all dressed in white,
 All in white, all in white, my God, her cunt was tight,
 Down in the valley, where she followed me.
 The next time I saw her she was all dressed in brown,
 All in brown, all in brown, I took her nickers down,
 Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she was all dressed in green,
 All in green, all in green, I filled her soup tureen,
 Down in the valley, where she followed me.
 The next time I saw her she was all dressed in fawn,
 All in fawn, all in fawn, two little bastards born,
 Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she was all dressed in red,
 All in red, all in red, two little bastards dead,
 Down in the valley were she followed me.
 The next time I saw her she was all dressed in black
 All in black, all in black, boards nailed across her crack,
 Down in the valley where she followed me.

There's bags of batchy airmen, waydown in the sunny Soudan
 Where everyone is batch and so's the fucking old man
 There's bags and bags of bullshit, saluting on the square
 And when we're not saluting we're up in the fucking air.

We're leaving Khartoum by the light of the moon
 We travel by night and by day
 As we pass Kasfereit, we'll have fuck all to eat
 'Cause we've thrown all our rations away.

Shire, Shire, Somersetshire,
 The skipper looks on her with pride
 He'd have a blue fit if he saw any shit
 On the side of the Somersetshire.

This is my story, this is my song,
 I've been in this Air Force too fucking long
 So bring on the Rodney, the nelson, renown
 They can't bring the Hood, 'cause the fuckers gone down
 Tooralay, Tooralay,
 Oh, we'll fuck all the SPs who come down our way.

MY GRANDFATHERS COCK

249

My Grandfather's cock was too long for his slacks
 So it drug ninety years on the floor
 It was longer by half than the old man himself
 Though it weighed no a pennyweight more
 It was found on the morn of the day that he was born
 And was always his pleasure and pride
 But it drooped, wilted, never to rise again
 When the old man died
 Ninety years without limbering
 What a cock, what a cock!
 His pieces of ass numbering
 What a cock, what a cock!
 But it drooped, wilted never to rise again
 When the old man died.

MY FAMILY

250

Have you met my Uncle Hector
 He's a cock and ball inspector
 At a celebrated English public school
 And my brother sells French letters
 And a patent cure for wetters
 We're not the best of familys, aint it cruel?
 My little sister lily, is a whore on Piccadilly
 My mother is another on the Strand,
 My father hawks his arse=hole
 Round the Elephant and Castle,
 We're the finest fuckin family in the land.

There's a gentlemen's convenience
 A short way down the Strand
 And the Ladies is a little further on
 For a penny on deposit, you can sit upon the closet
 But a season's ticket costs you half a crown.

BRITISH GRENADIERS

251

Some die of diabetes, and some of diarrhoea,
 Some die of drinking whisky and some of drinking beer
 But of all the world's diseases there's none that can compare
 With the drip, drip, drip, from the end of your prick
 Of the British Gonorrhoea.

RO-TIDDLE-EE-O

252

Oh Mr Fisherman, home from the sea
 Have you any lobsters you can sell to me.

Chorus: Singing Ro-tiddle-ee-o, shit or bust,
 Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust.

"Yes" said the fishermen I have two,
 The biggest of the bastards I will sell to you

I wrapped the lobster up and I took the bastards home
 I showed it to the missus but she was on the phone.

I opened up the fridge but I couldn't find a dish,
 So I put it in the place where the missus has a piss.

Now half-way through the night as you must know
 The missus got up to have a so-and-so.

Now the missus gave a squeal and the missus gave a grunt
 When the silly fucking lobster bit her on the cunt.

Now I picked up a mop and the missus grabbed a broom.
 And we chased that fucking lobster all around the room.

Now we hit ~~sh~~ on the head and we hit it on the side
 We hit that fucking lobster till the bastard died.

There's a moral to this story and the moral is this,
 Always have a shufti before you have a piss.

That's the end of this story and there isn't any more
 There's an apple up my arse-hole, you can have the core.

Now this number one, and the song has just begun,
 Now this is number two, and he's got me in a stew,
 Now this is number three, and his hand is on my knee
 Now this is number four, and he's got me on the floor
 Now this is number five, and his hand is on my thigh,

Chorus: Rollme over lay me down and do it again,
 Roll me over in the clover,
 Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Now this is number six, and he's got me in a fix
 Now this is number seven, and I think I am in heaven
 Now this is number eight, and the doctor's at the gate,
 Now this is number nine, and the twins are doing fine
 Now this is number ten, and he's started once again.

I WANT TO PLAY PIANO IN A WHOREHOUSE

254

I want to play piano in a whorehouse
 That is my one desire
 Some may be bankers or ranchers out in Butte
 I just want to play in a house of ill repute
 You may laugh at this my humble advocacy
 But carnal copulation is here to stay
 I don't want fame or riches
 I just want to play for those old bitches
 I want to play piano in a whorehouse.

BLOODY SPARROW

255

There once was bloody sparro, what lived up bloody spout
 Along came bloody rainstorm and washed that gugger out
 Along came bloody sparrow hawk, and spied him in his snuggery
 "E sharpened up his beak and claws, and chewed him up to buggery
 Along came bloody sporting type, complete with bloody gun
 He shot that bloody sparrow hawk, right up his bloody bung
 The moral of this story, so plain to everyone
 That them that lives up bloody sputs
 Don't have much bloody fun.

OH JOHNNY

256

Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, Look what you've got
 Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, I'll tell my mum,
 You've put me in the family way,
 Waatever will my daddy say,
 Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, I'm six months gone,
 Three more months to go,
 If you value your life, you will make me your wife
 Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, OH.

CHORUS: Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles,
Cats with the syphilis, the clap and the piles,
Cats with their arse-holes wreathed in smiles,
As they revel in the joys of copulation.

The donkey is a solitary moke
He very seldom gets a poke
But when he does, he comes in streams
As he revels. . .

Hippopotamus so it seems
Very seldom has wet dreams
But when he does, he comes in streams
As he revels.....

Poor old bovine, poor old bull
Very seldom gets a pull
But when he does, the cow is full
As he revels.....

Poor little tortoise in his shell
Doesn't manage very well
But when he does he fucks like hell
As he revels.....

Now the hairy old gorilla is a sedentary ape
Who very seldom does much rape
But when he does he comes like tape
As he revels.....

Bow-legged women shit like goats
Bald headed men all fuck like stoats
While the congregation sits and gloats
And revels in.....

Now I met a girl and she was a dear
But she gave me a dose of gonorrhea
Fools rush in where angels fear
To revel.....

Do you ken John Peel with his coat so gay
He's a dirty old sod so all men say
For he can't toss off in the normal way
So his hounds lick his horn in the morning

When you wake up in the morning and you're feeling full of joy
And your wife isn't willing and your daughter isn't coy
Then you've got to use the arse-hole of your eldest boy
As you revel.....

When you wake up in the morning with a ten inch stand
And there isn't any woman in the whole of the land
Then there's nothing for it but to use your hand
An you revel in the joys of copulation.

ANGELES POM-POM SONG
(Tune- Rum and Coca-Cola)

258

Have you ever been in the Philipines
The place is full of Pom-pom queens
The clap is bad, but the syph is worse
So flub your dub for safety first

Chorus: Singing rum and coca cola, come down to old Angeles
Both mother and daughter, working for the GI dollar

The women with their dirty feet
Walk up and down Angeles street
They come up close and whisper low
"How about a little pom-pom, Joe"

The Philippines pimp is very smart
He gets his dough before you start
The pom-pom there is very nice
But twenty pesos is a helluva price

DINAH

259

We've been working on the railroad,
All the live long day,
We've been working on the railroad,
Just to pass the time away
Ean't you here the whisle blowing,
At night or early in the morn,
Can't you hear the whistle blowing
Oh, Dinah blow your horn.

Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah won't you blow
Dinah won't you blow your hor-or-orn,
Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn.

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Someones's in the kitchen I know, I know
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Strumming on the old banjoe.

Singing fee-fi-fiddle-E-I-O
Fee-Fi- Fiddle-E-I-O-I-O-O
Fee-Fi-Fiddle_E-I-O
Strumming on the old banjoe.

THE SHIEK OF ARABY

260

I'm the shiek of Araby, Your heart belongs to me
At night when you're asleep, Into your tent I'll creep
The stars that shine above, Will light our way to love
Oh rule this land with me, I'm the shiek of Araby.

I want a beer
 Just like the beer
 That pickled dear old dad
 It was a beer
 And the only beer
 That daddy ever had
 A good old fashioned beer
 With lots of foam
 Took ten men to carry daddy home
 I want a beer
 Just like the beer
 That pickled my old dad.

MY RED HAVEN

262

When whip-poor-wills call
 And evening is nigh
 I hurry to my red haven
 A turn to the right
 A little red light
 Will lead you to my red haven
 You'll see a smiling face on the pillow case
 A form divine
 A little ole W_____ whos been S-- ----- before a million times
 Just Mollie and me
 There'll never be three
 We're careful in our red haven.

RAMEY AIR PATCH

263

It was tough in old Manila nila nila
 It was rough in Tokyo
 But this G___ D_____ Puerto Rico Rico Rico
 Is the toughest place I know
 You can go to Ramey Air Patch, Air Patch, Air Patch
 Any hour of any day
 You can watch the Thirty-sixes, sixes, sixes
 As they crash into the bay.

You can take these coral beaches, beaches, beaches
 You can take this waving grass
 You can take this Puerto Rico, Rico, Rico
 And to that I'll raise my glass.

DAISY

264

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do
 I'm half crazy all for the love of you
 It won't be a stylish marriage
 I can't afford a carriage
 But you'll look sweet, upon the seat
 Of a bicycle built for two.

Tony, Tony, here is your answer true
 I'm not crazy all for the love of you
 There won't be a stylish marriage
 Till you can afford a carriage
 And I'll be damned
 If I'll be crammed
 On a bicycle built for two.

THE DAMN DUMMY

265

You take the leg from some old table
 You take the arm from some old chair
 You take the neck from some old bottle
 And from a horse you take some hair.

Now you put them all together
 With the aid of string and glue
 And I'll get more lovin' from that g__ d__ dummy
 Than I ever get from you.

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE SOME _____

266

We get beer in nine ounce glasses
 We get cigarettes in tins
 We get drunk each Friday evening
 We get headaches for our sins
 We get CB from the OC
 When he gets back all our cheques
 What don't we get
 We don't get _____

Pilots need some recreation
 When hard flying has been done
 And what better recreation
 Than a spot of harmless fun
 We forsake our bullshit castle
 For a spot thats marked XX
 What do we want
 We all want _____

Chorus: There is nothing like some _____
 Nothing in this world
 Though it's perfectly complex
 There is nothing like some _____

Some girls like to cling and say, Oh Brother
 Unfortunately most girls scream for MOTHER!

Now we've studied Dr Kinsey
 And we've read his latest book
 But we think that his conclusions
 Are a little bit mistook
 For he seems to think that passion

Is a secondary reflex
Why don't they teach the poor man _____

Just when the learned docter
Appears to have left some important
But unmentionable things unsaid
Once again it rears it's ugly head.

ANTHONY ROLY

267

A is for arse-holes, all covered in shit
Hey Ho says Roly (Chorus)
And B is for bugger who revels in it
With a Roly Poly, gammon and spinach
Hey Ho for Anthony Roly. (Chorus)

- 1 Cs for cunt, all dripping in piss,
And D for the drunkard who gave it a kiss
- 2 E's for the eunuch with only one ball,
And F for the fucker with no ball at all
- 3 G is for goitre, gonnerrrhea and gout
And H is for harlot who dishes out
- 4 I is for injection for syphilis and itch
And J is for jump of a dog on a bitch
5. K is for king who shot on the floor
And L is for lousy, licentious whore.
6. M is for maidenhead, tattered and torn,
And N is for Nancy whose ars-hole is worn
- 7 O is for orifice, already revealed
P is for penis ready unpeeled
8. Q is for quaker who shot in his hat
And R is the rodger who rodgered the cat.
9. S is for shit-pit full to the brim
And T is the turd that is floating therein.
10. U is the usher who taught in the school
And V is the virgin who playd with his tool
11. W is for the whore who thinks fuckings a farce
And X, Y and Z you can stick up your arse.

SONG OF THE SABRES

268

I looked upon the schedule and was happy as a king
For once I had a mission that I wasn't flying wing
I went down to the briefing room and my tiger blood went ping
For there sat Col. Joe McSchmoe and they had me on his wing
For there sat Col. Joe McSchmoe and they had me on his wing.

The mission was all briefed to go at quarter after nine
Gabby had given us all the poop, the weather it was fine
"One word of advice, "he daid to us, "though I hate to spoil your fun
"Stay out form in fromnt of that MIG 15, it's got too big a gun."
"Stay out from in fæont of that Mig 15, it's got too big a gun.?"

SONG OF THE SABRES (Con't)

We were augerin' around away up there as watchful as could be
Red leader said, "Take a look at six and see what you can see"
I took a look at six o'clock and much to my surprise,
I discovered a BOOM BOOM BOOM right before my eyes.
I discovered a BOOM BOOM BOOM right before my eyes.

The cannon balls were flying around as thick as they could be.
I took one look and said, says I, this ain't no place for me.
I rolled it over and sucked it through and took it down below.
Sayin' get out of here with that BOOM BOOM BOOM and don't come
back no mo'.
Sayin' get out of here with that BOOM BOOM BOOM and don't come
back no mo'.

I shoved the throttle to the wall a'running for my life.
Red leader said, "Come back here, you coward, and join in the strife".
"You a- -", I said with quaking voice, "this ain't no place for ME".
So I racked it up and pulled it around and took it out to sea.
So I racked it up and pulled it around and took it out to sea.

I took a hit upon the wing, another in the tail
The way that Sabre was bucking around, I'd surely have to bail,
I reached into the cockpit and pulled the handle red,
If I hadn't gotten out of that flaming wreck, I'd surely wound up dead.
If I hadn't gotten out of that flaming wreck, I'd surely wound up dead.

The moral of this story is, if you're ever in a fight,
And you've got a MIG at six o'clock, and he's all tucked in tight
Don't ever roll out or pull it up, that is my advice to you.
Cause you'll never get rid of that SOB not matter what you do.
Cause you'll never get rid of that SOB not matter what you do.

LAST SATURDAY NIGHT

269

When I came home last saturday night as drunk as I could be
I saw a hat upon the rack, where my hat ought to be.
I daid to my darling wifey "Now tell all of it to me."
Who owns that hat upon the rack, where my hat ought to be."
She said, "You're blind, you're drunk, you silly old cunt
You're blind and cannot see.
For that is a basin that you're mother gave to me
In all my worldly travels, ~~ten thousand~~ miles or more,
I've never seen a basin with a hat band on before.
I saw a coat upon the bed....
"For that is a blanket that your mother gave to me"
I've never seen a blanket with brass buttons on before.
I saw a head beside the head....
"For that is a turnip that your mother gave to me".
"I've never seen a turnip with a mustache on before."
I saw a thing beside the thing....
"For that is a folling pin your mother gave to me"
I've never seen a rolling pin with balls on it before
I saw a bum beside a bum
"For that's the dear young baby yourself you gave to me"
I've never seen a baby's bum with warts on it before.

If I were a marrying maid, which thank the Lord I'm not, sir,
 The kind of man that I would wed, would be a Rugby fullback sir,
 For he'd find touch, and I'd find touch,
 We'd both find touch, together,
 We'd be alright in the middle of the night
 Finding touch together.

A wing three-quarter -----He'd go fast
 A center three-quarter-----He'd go straight
 A stand off half-----He'd go through
 A Rugby scrum half-----He'd put it in
 A rugby loose forward-----He'd break fast
 A second row forward-----He'd bind tight
 A front row forward-----He'd push hard
 A rugby referee-----He'd blow hard
 A rugby linesman-----He'd put it up

A rugby spectator-----
 For he'd clap, clap
 And I'd clap, clap
 We'd both clap, clap together
 We'd be alright in the middle of the night
 CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, Together.

THE PORTIONS OF A WOMAN

The portions of a woman that appeal to man's depravity,
 Are fashioned with considerable care
 And what at first appears to be a harmless little cavity
 Is really an elaborate affair.

Doctors of distinction have examined the abdomena
 Of various experimental dames
 And have listed the components of these womanly phenamena
 And given them most charming Latin names.

There's the clitoris, the vagina, the vulva, perineum,
 And the hymen in the case of certain brides,
 Delightful small devices you would love if you could see 'em,
 There's a hundred other little things besides.

Isn't it a pity then, that when we poor men chatter
 Upon the things to wick I have referred
 We use for what is really a most complicated matter
 Such a short and unattractive little word.

THE PORTIONS OF A WOMAN (Con't)

The Reply

The erudite authorities who study the geography
Of these remote but interesting lands
Are able to indulge their taste for intimate topography
And view the scenic details close at hand.

But while we lesser mortals are aware of the existence
Of mysteries beneath the public knoll
We're normally contented to survey them at a distance
And treat them, roughly speaking, as a (w) hole.

But when we are confronted with some morsel of virginity
We exercise a gentle sense of touch
We do not cloak the matter in meticulous Latinity
But call the whole affair a such and such.

Men have made this useful but inelegant commodity
The subject of innumerable jibes,
And while the name we call it by is something of an oddity
It seems to fit the subject it describes.

THREE OLD MAIDS

272

This first lady's name was Elizabeth Porter
She was the Bishop of Chichester's daughter
Who went to get rid of some old virgin water
And nobody knew she was there.

Chorus:

Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Three old maids were locked in the lavatory,
They were there from Monday to Saturday
Nobody knew they were there.

The second lady's name was Elizabeth Humphery
Who went for a pee and could not get her bum free
She said "Oh dear, this is really quite comfy"
Nobody knew she was there.

The third lady's name was elizabeth Bender
Who went to adjust a broken suspender
And got it mixed up with her feminine gender
And nobody knew she was there.

There lived a monk of great renown
 There lived a monk of great renown
 There lived a monk of great renown
 And he fucked all the women all over town.

Chorus: The old sod, the old sod, the dirty old bastard,
 The bugger deserved to die, Fuck:
 Let us pray - Glory, glory, Halleluja.

He took them to his lily white bed (3 Times)
 And fucked them all till they were dead.

One day he met a maiden fair, (3)
 And he lured her up into his lair.

He took her to his marble halls (3)
 And showed her his prick and his bloody great balls.

He laid her on his wily white bed (3)
 And fucked the girl till she was dead.

The other monks all cried "For shame" (3)
 They took up a knife and cut off his fame.

But on that resurrection morn (3)
 The dirty old bugger had still got a horn.

And so that monk has gone to hell (3)
 And we've heard that he's fucking the devil as well.

THE MAYOR OF BAYSWATER

274

The Mayor of Bayswater's got a whore for a daughter
 And the hairs of her Micky di-do hang down to her knee.
 I know cause I've seen them, I've been up and in between them
 The hairs of her Micky di-do hang down to her knees.

One black one, one white one, and one with a bit of shit on
 The hairs of her Micky di-do hang down to her knees.
 And if I should court her, I'd have 'em cut shorter
 The hairs of her Micky di-do hang down to her knees.

FUNICULI - FUNICULI

275

Last night, I pulled my put, I thought I would, to do me good
 Last night I used the long stroke, I used the short stroke,
 I used my hand, Twas simply grand
 Smach it, crash it, bash it on the floor
 Heave it, squeeze it, jam it in the door
 Some folks stick to buggery, and some think fucking is grand
 But for personal enjoyment, I shall always use my hand.

As I was walking down the street
A fair young maid I chanced to meet
She said Hello how do you do
Would you like to play with my Ricky Dan Do.
Your Ricky Dan Do I said what's that.
It's soft and smooth like a pussy cat
Hairs all round and split in two
That's what I call my Ricky dan Do.

She took me to her father's cellar
She said to me You're a very nice feller
She gave me wine and shisky too
And I played all night with her Ricky Dan Do.
Her father came and her father said
"You've gone and lost your maiden head
So pack your grip and baggage too
And earn your living with your Ricky Dan do.

She went to town to be a whore
She hung this notice outside her door
Ten dollars down no less will do
If you want to play with my Ricky Dan Do.
There came a policeman up to her door
Show me your licesnce to be a whore
I have no licesnce tell you what I'll do
I'll let you play with play with my Ricky Dan Do.

The boys all came and the boys all went
The price came down to eighteen cents
From sweet sixteen to eight-two
All had a bash at her Ricky Dan Dol
There came a guy, a son of a bitch
Who had the pox and the sailor's itch,
He had blue balls and shankers too
And he played all night with her Ricky Dan Dol

And the Ricky Dan Do now is badly worn
The Ricky Dan Do is tattered and torn,
The Ricky Dan Do now is up the kite
To the Ricky Dan Do We'll sy "Goodnight"

F-84 PILOTS BATTLE CRY

277

The Red Nose Migs are coming
Not a Sabre in sight
The Red Nose Migs are coming
And they want to fight
Let's HURRY HURRY HURRY HOME.

Wirraways don't worry me, Wirraways don't worry me
 Oil burning bastards with flaps on their wings
 With buggered up pistons and buggered up rings
 The bomb load is so fucking small
 Three fifths of five eights of fuck all
 There's such a commotion out over the ocean
 So cheer up my lads, fuck 'em all.

They say that the Japs have a very fine kite,
 That we're no longer in doubt,
 When there's a Zero way out on your tail,
 This is the way to get out...
 Be cool and collected, be calm and serene
 Don't let your Britich blood boil
 Don't hesitate shove her right through the gate
 And drown the poor bastard in oil.

DARK AND DREAMY EYES

279

A few old whores of Portsmouth town
 Were drinking Spanish wine,
 This gist of the conversation was,
 "Is your cunt bigger than mine".

Then up there spake the fisherman's wife
 And she was dressed in black
 And in one corner of her funny little thing
 She had a fishing smack
 She had a fishing smack, my boys,
 The sodlings and the dabs
 And in the other corner
 She'd a shocking dose of crabs.

Chorus: She had those dark and dreamy eyes
 And a Whizz-bang up her jacksey
 She was one of the flash-eyed hores
 One of the old brigade.

Then up there spake the brewer's wife
 And she was dressed in grey
 And in one corner of her funny little thing
 She had a brewer's dray
 She had a brewer's dray, my boys
 A thing just like a truck,
 And in the other corner
 She'd the remains of last night's fuck.

Then up there spake the sailor's wife,
 And she was dressed in blue
 And in one corner of her funny little thing
 She had a life-boat's crew
 She had a life-boat's crew, my boys,
 The rowlocks and the oars,
 And in the other corner
 The Marines were forming fours.

Then up there spake the cricketer's wife,
 And she was dressed in vermillion
 And in one corner of her funny little thing
 She had the Lords Pavillion
 She had the Lords Pavillion, boys
 A social sort of joint
 And in the other corner
 There was Hobbs at cover point.

Then up there spake the barman's wife
 And she was dressed in yellow
 And in one corner of her funny little thing
 She had the whole wine cellar
 She had the whole wine cellar
 With barrels full of beer
 And in the other corner
 She had Pox and Gonorrhea.

Then up there spake the airman's wife
 And she was dressed in beige
 And in one corner of her funny little thing
 She had a handly-page
 She had a Hnadly-Page, my boys
 With a joy stick and its knowb
 And in the other corner
 Were two airmen on the job.

Then up there spake the actor's wife
 Who was also dressed in beige,
 And in one corner of her funny little thing
 She had a Windmill stage
 She had the windmill stage, my boys
 The gallery and the stalls
 And in the other corner
 She had C B Cockrane's balls.

And then up spake the pilot's wife
 And she was dressed in chrome
 And in one corner of her unfunny little thing
 She had the aerodrome
 She had the aerodrome, my boys
 The bombers and the troops,
 And in the other corner
 There Wimpys Looping Loops.

Then up up spake the ops room girl,
 She was a little WAF
 And in one corner of her funny little thing
 She had the Ops room staff
 She had the Ops room staff, my boys
 All fucking there like hell
 And in the other corner
 Sh'd the signals staff as well.

A maid sat in a mountain glen
Seducing herself with a fountain pen
The capsule broke, the ink ran wild
And she gave birth to a blue-black child.

And they called the bastard Stephens (3 times)
'Cause he was a blue-black child.
No matter how nor where no when
Use Stephens Ink in your fountain Pen.

IN MOBILE

281

There's a shortage of good whores, in Mobile (3 Times)
But there's keyholes in the doors
And there's knot-holes in the floors in Mobile.

There's a blockage of bogs, in Mobile (3 Times)
It's a habit of the working classes
When they've finished with their glasses
They just stuff them up their arses, in Mobile.

Oh, the old dun cow is dead, in Mobile, (3)
But the children must be fed
So we'll milk the bull instead, in Mobile.

Oh the eagles they fly high, in Mobile (3)
And they shit right in your eye
So thank God the cows don't fly, in Mobile.
Oh the negroes they grow tall, in Mobile (3)
But they shoot them in the fall
And they eat 'em balls and all, in Mobile.
There's no shortage of good beer, in Mobile.(3)
And they give us damn good cheer
Oh, thank God what we are here, in Mobile.

There's a lovely girl called Dinah, in Mobile (3)
For a fuck there is no finer
'Cause she's got the best Vagina, in Mobile.

There's a man called Lanky Danny, in Mobile (3)
And his instinct is uncanny
When he's fingering a fanny, in Mobile.

There's a tavern in the town, in Mobile (3)
Where for half a fucking crown
You can get a bit of brown, in Mobile.

Oh, the girls all wear tin pants in Mobile (3)
But they take them off to dance
Just to give the boys a chance, in Mobile.

IN MOBILE (Con't)

There's excess of copulation, in Mobile (3)
They relax for stimulation
On mutal masturbation, in Mobile

The CO is a bugger, in Mobile, (3)
And the adj, he is another
So they bugger one another in Mobile.

HEADQUARTERS

282

TAC Headquarters, thats the spot
Twelve full Colonels, thats a lot
Twice as many Generals too
TAC Headquarters is the place for you.

AFTER THE MISSION'S OVER

283

After the mission's over
After we all get back
We get interrogated
Where did you see the flak?
How were the Jerry fighters?
What time was the tally-ho?
Have you any bitches?
If not, you may go.
We like P-47
We think they handle swell
We like to fly formation
We're all as nuts as hell,
We like the fighter peal-off
It will kill us all some day.
Land in 15 seconds
Or the colonel will have to say
(Any name), you straggled all day.
(Any name), used poor techinque.
(Any name), You had your head up.
We'll have a short critique
You missed the land fall-in (any name)
(Any name), you will report
Why, with only one wing off
You had to abort.

AIR CORPS LAMENT
(Tune- Battle Hymn of the Republic)

284

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who rulled the fighting skies
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothng but to fly.
But now these hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by,
The Air Force has gone to HELL!

CHORUS: Glory - - - Flying Regulations have them read at every station
Crucify the man who breaks them
The Air Force has gone to HELL!

AIR CORPS LAMENT (Con't)

My bones have felt their pounding thump a hundred thousand strong
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong,
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song.
The Air Force has gone to HELL!

I have seen them in their T-Bolts when their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name
But now they fly like sissies and hang their heads in shame
Their spirits's shot to HELL!

They flew their rugged Thunderjets through a living hell of flack
And bloody dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back,
But now they all play Ping Pong in the Operations shack
Their techniques' have gon to HELL!

Yes, the lordly Boeing Fortress and the Liberators, too,
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew,
And we can't fly them for HELL!

You heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel,
But now the L-5 charms you with its moanin' groanin' squeal,
And it will not climb for HELL!

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played the angel's game,
We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled our way to fame,
But now that's all VERBOTEN and we're all so gosh-darn tame,
Our spirit's shot to HELL!

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap,
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap,
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that,
Or you will burn in HELL!

Have you ever climbed a lightning up to where the air is thin?
Have you stuck her long nose down just to hear the screaming din?
Have you tried to do it lately?
Better not -- You'll auger in.
And then you'll sure catch HELL!

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old
When pilots took their choice of being old or "Young and Bold"
Alas, I have no choic and I will live to be quite old,
The Air Force has gone to HELL!

But smile awhile my pilot, though your eyes may still be wet,
Someday we'll meet in heaven where the rules have not been set,
And God will show us how to buzz and roll and really let

THE AIR FORCE FLY LIKE HELL!!

FINAL CHORUS:

Glory -- no more regulations,
Rip them down at every station,
Ground the guy that tries to make one
And Let Us Fly Like HELL!!

BRING THAT BASE-LEG IN
(Tune- Pistol Packin' Mama)

285

Flying 'round the pattern
And was I haveing fun
Until one day I undershot
And now my flying's done.

Chourus: Bring that base-leg in, boys,
Bring that base-leg in,
Space yourself on the forty-five
And bring that base-leg in.

Oh, the pieces flew and the pieces fell
As I slid onto the ground
And all the while the tower yelled,
"Pull up and go around."

HERE'S TO THE NEXT MAN TO DIE

286

Betrayed by the Regular Army
Cast off by the Signal Corps,
Signed up for nin months flying
And stayed on for three years more.

Chorus: So stand by your glasses steady
This world is a world of lmes,
Here's a toast to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next man to die.

We looped in the purple sunset
We spun in the silvery dawn
With a trail of black smoke behind us
To show where our comrades have gone.

Echoing through the low hung rafters,
Resounding from the walls so bare,
You can hear the tears and laughter
Of the dead, for they really are there.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

287

My wild Irish Rose
The sweetest flower that grows
You may search everywhere
But none can compare
With my wild Irish Rose
My wild Irish Rose
The seetest flower that grows
And some day for my sake
She may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern
 Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern
 There they decided that; there they decided that;
 There they decided that they'd have another flagon.

Chorus: Oh, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
 Until it doth run over.
 Oh, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
 Until it doth run over.
 For tonight we'll merry, merry be;
 For tonight we'll merry, merry, be'
 For tonight we'll merry, merry be;
 Tomorrow we'll be sober.

Now, the man who drinks light ale and goes to bed quite sober
 Now, the man who drinks light ale and goes to bed quite sober;
 Fades as the lilly fades, fades as the lilly fades;
 Fades as the lilly fades; he'll die before October!

Chorus:

But the man who drinks stout ale, and goes to bed quite mellow
 But the man who drinks stout ale, and goes to bed quite mellow
 Lives as he ought to live; lives as he ought to live;
 Lives as he ought to live; he'll die a jolly fellow!

Chorus:

Now, the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother;
 Now, the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother;
 Does a very foolish thing; does a very foolish thing;
 Does a very foolish thing; she'll never get another!

Chorus:

But the maid who steals a kiss and stays to get another;
 But the maid who steals a kiss and stays to get another;
 Is a boon to all mankind; is a boon to all mankind;
 Is a boon to all mankind; she'll be a fruitful mother!

LAMENT OF THE RESERVIST
 (Tune- Cigarettes and Whiskey)

I was a civilian and flew one weekends
 No sweat about clanks and no sign of the bends
 But I am a retread and older I grow
 Now I fly a Mustang, its' old and it's slow.

Chorus: Sinuiju and Anak, Sinanju and Simmak
 They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
 Quad fifties and forties, and one hundred sorties
 They'll drive you crazy
 They'll drive you insane!

LAMENT OF THE RESERVIST (Con't)

Oh, once I was happy and I flew a jet
At 35,000 how fat can you get?
They sent me to Nellis for six weeks to train
They gave me a Mustang, It's no aero-plane.

We strafed and we bombed and we shot air to air
Then off to Korea, we're fouled up for fair
We came to K-Four-Six to fly with this Group
My hair's turning gray and my wings have a droop!

I flew my first mission and it was a snap
Just follow the leader, don't look at a map
But now I've got eighty and lead a sad flight
Go out on armed recce and can't sleep and night

Went up to Mig Alley, S-2 said no sweat
If I had not looked around, I'd be up there yet
Six Migs jumped our ---- and the leader yelled break
Sixty-one and 3000, how me knees did shake!

If I live through a hundred and they ask for more
I'll tell them to shove it my --- is too sore
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care
Just give me a Wing job, a desk and a chair!

LILI MARLENE

290

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate,
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait,
She waits for the boy who marched away
And though he's gone she hears him say
Oh, promise you'll be true
Fare the well, Lili Marlene
Till I return to you
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene.

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait
For this is the place-a vow was made
And breezes sing her serenade
Oh, promise you'll be true
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene
Till I return to you
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene.

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait
And there in the lamp light it is said
A halo shines above her head
Oh, promise you'll be true
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene, till I return to you
Fare the well, Lili Marlene.

LILI MARLENE (Con't)

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait
And as they go marching to the fray
The soldiers all salute and say
We'll tell him you've been true
Fare thee well, lili Marlene
Till I return to you
Fare thee well, lili Marlene.

PHILADELPHIA LAWYER

291

Way out in Reno, Nevada
Where romance blooms and fades,
A great Philadelphia lawyer
Was in love with a Hollywood maid.

Come love and we will wander
Out where the lights are bright
I'll win you a divorce from you husband
And we can get married tonight.

Now bill was a gun-toting cowboy
Ten notches were carved on his gun
And all the boys around Reno
Left Wild Bill's maiden alone.

One night when he was returning
From riding the range in the cold
He dreamed of his Hollywood sweetheart
Her love was lasting as gold.

As he drew near her window
A shadow he saw on the shade.
'Twas the great Philadelphia lawyer
Making love to his Hollywood maid.

The night was as still as the desert
The moon was vright overhead,
Bill listened awhile to the lawyer,
He could hear every word that he said.

"Your hands are so pretty and lovely,
Your form so rare and divine,
Come go with me to the city
And leave this wild cowboy behind.

Now back in old Pennsylvania
Among the beautiful pines,
There's one less Philadelphia lawyer
In old Philadelphia tonight.

Rolling down the runway at ninety-eight percent,
 The colonel cut his throttle,
 My God, I was hell bent,
 I pull off to the left,
 And bounced into the boon docks,
 Glory, Glory Halleluja, what a bunch of "Rocks".

Chorus: Oh, Halleluja, Oh, Halleluja,
 Throw a nickel on the grass, save a fighter pilot's life.
 Oh, Halleluja, Oh, Halleluja,
 Throw a nickel on the grass and you'll be saved.

I threw my throttle forward
 Up to a hundred and one
 I bounced off the runway lights after the damage was done,
 I pulled back on the stick and ricocheted some more
 Glory, Glory, what "goat" even at full bore.

I then pulled up my gear,
 The cockpit filled with smoke
 My wingman passed me by,
 My God, it was no joke.
 He then looked over at me
 And saw a great long tear.
 Glory, Glory, Halleluja, how did I get there?

I then came in for landing
 Just after it started to rain,
 And there sat Flying Safety with a gash-darn ball and chain,
 They sent me before the board,
 And gave me the works,
 Glory, Glory Halleluja, what a bunch of jerks.

THE COWBOY'S LAMENT

293

As I walked out on the streets of Laredo,
 As I walked out in Laredo one day,
 I spied a cowpuncher all wrapped up in white linen
 A'll wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

O, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
 Play the dead march as you carry me along,
 Take me to the valley, there lay the sod o'er me
 For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong,

I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy
 These words he did say as I slowly stepped by
 Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story
 I'm shot in the breast and I know I must die.

It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
 Once in the saddle I used to go gay
 Then I first took to drinking and then took to gambling
 Got shot in the breast and I'm dying today.

THE COWBOY'S LAMENT (Con't)

Let sixteen gamblers come carry my coffin
Let six pretty maidens come sing me a song
Take me to the graveyard, there roll the sod o'er me
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong,

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly
And bitterly wept as we bore him along
For we all loved our comrade so brave, young, and handsome,
We all loved our comrade altho' he'd done wrong.

THE FOGGY, FOGGY DEW

294

When I was a bachelor, I lived all alone
I worked at the weaver's trade
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong,
Was to woo a fair young maid
I wooed her in the wintertime,
Part of the summer too
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong,
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she knelt close by my side,
When I was fast asleep,
She threw her arms around my neck
And then began to weep
She sept, she cried, she damned near died,
Ah, me, what could I do
So all night long I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Again I'm a bachelor, I live with my son,
We work at the weaver's trade
And every single time I look into his eyes
He reminds me of that fair young maid
He reminds me of the wintertime
Part of the summer too
And of the many, many times that I held her in my arms
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

THE FOUR BASTARDS

295

I. I'm a Democratic figure in these autocratic States
A Pathetic Demonstration of hereditary traits
As the daughters of the bakers baked the most delicious breads,
As the sons of Casanova filled the most exclusive beds
As the Rossesvelts and Barrymores -- and others I could name
Inherited their talents which perpetuate their fame
My position in the structure of Society I owe,
To those little qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago
Now my father was a traveling man and musical to boot
He used to play piano in the House of ill-repute
Where the Madam was a lady and credit to her cult
She enjoyed my Daddy's playing and I was the result
So my mammy and my pappy are the ones I have to thank
That I grew up to BE PRESIDENT of the City National Bank!

THE FOUR BASTARDS (Con't)

- II. In a cozy little farmhouse in a cozy little Dell
A dear old fashoined father and his daughter used to dwell
She was sweet, she was gentle, she was tender, she was mild
But her sympathies were such that she was frequently with child.
Now the hired man was a favorite with the gal's in Mammy's set
And the traveling man from Scranton was an even-money bet.
For such were mammy's morals -- and such was her alure
That even Roger Babson wasn't very sure.
When she was feeling gloomy I could always make her grin,
By childishly inquireing who my pappy might have been.
So I took my mammy's morals and I took my pappy's crust,
And they appointed me head of a huge investment trust.
- III. In a cozy little chain gang on a dusty southern road
My late lamented pappy has his permanent abode
Now some were there for stealing, but my pappy's only fault
Was an overwhelming weakness for criminal assault
His philosophy was simple and free from moral tape,
Seduction is for sissies, but a He-man has his rape
And tho pappy's list of victims was incredibly rich
And mammy she was one of them, he'd never tell me which.
Now I never went to college, but I got me a degree
I reckon I'm the model of a perfect SOB
I'm a debit to my country, but I'm a credit to my Dad
I'm the most expensive SENATOR this nation ever had.
- IV. I'm an autocratic figure in these deomocratic states
A pathetic demonstration of hereditary traits,
As the daughters of policement have the largest feet
As the daughter of the floogie has a wiggle to her seat
My position at the Bottom of society I owe
To those little qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago
Now my father her was a married man and what is even more
He was married to my Mother, a fact which I deplore
I was born in holy wedlock, consequently by -- and by
I was rooked by every bastard with plunder in his eye
8 I invested, I deposited, I voted every fall ---
And if I had a nickel the bastards took it all
But at last I've learned my lesson and I'm on the proper track
I'm a self-appointed bastard, and I'm out to get it back.

THROTTLE BENDER
(Tune- McNamara's Band)

296

My name is Throttle Bender,
I'm the leader of the gang;
I burned up lots of engines,
But I don't give a hang
To me full bore is normal cruise,
Cause I don't give a darn
My boys never can catch me
They've got a lot to learn.

THROTTLE BENDER (Con't)

Chorus: We are the boys from Itazuki,
We are the boys from Itazook,
We ate the boys from Itazuki
We fly with the _____ Group.

My name is Throttle Bender
I'm the leader of the Group
I always cause confusion
But I don't give a hoot.
I climb too slow, I dive too fast
I pull excessive G's
I know my boys are following
I hear their knocking knees.

My name is Throttle Bender,
I'm the leader of the Wing,
I haven't led a group in years
So I don't know a thing
About the wing formation, boys,
That I am going to lead;
But I'm the wing Commander
So there really is no need.

No if you lead a flight, boys,
Or if you lead a Group;
Lend an ear and you will hear
The latest kind of poop.
From ToKeesyo to Sazzmago
You'll hear the boys all say,
The leader bent the throttle, so
I had a rough day today.

WALTZING MATILDA

297

Once a jolly swagman camped by the brill-along
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he sat and waited till his billy boiled;
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

CHORUS Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
And he sang as he sat and waited till his billy boiled
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billalong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee
And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his tucker bag
You'll come a-waltzing Matilca with me.

Up rode a squater mounted on his thoroughbred,
Up rode his troops, one, two, three
Where's that jolly jumbuck, you've got in your tucker bag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

WALTZING MATILDA (Con't)

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the brillalong
You'll never catch me alive said he
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by the brillalong
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

It is sad, but true, that sooner or later, most Fighter Pilots find themselves shafted out of a Squadron, and into that oft cursed orginazation called Air Base Group. This song is for them to sing to their former friends.

Tune - SAVE A FIGHTER PILOTS ASS

Pilots, gentle Pilots, pilots one and all
Fly boys, flashy fly boys, please listen to our call
Buzz boys, busy Buzz boys, this is all we ask
Take those Goddamn Sabre Jets and shove them up your ass.

Chorus: Sing Halleluia, Sing Halleluia
Stick your finger up your ass, join the fighter pilot class
Sing Halleluia, Sing Halleluia
Stick your finger up your ass and flap your wings.

Who feeds the sons of bitches and clothes their scrawny backs
Who guards their goddamn airplanes and heats their fucking shacks
Who gives them light and water, not Kimpo Power and Gas
If they don't like the service they can blow it out their ass.
TDY to Tsuiki, went the Sabre Dance
Saw a Sukeshi pilot get a Josans pants
It cost him thirty dollars for just a little feel
Along came an Air Base Group man who got it for a steal.

Jet Jocks are the hot shots, we'll tell you one and all
And when it comes to shooting, they're really on the ball
They had a little contest to prove who was the first
But when the score was counted they ended up the worst.

You see these flashy Jet Boys, climb from their shiny hacks
With moon suits and silly jock straps a hanging from their backs
They sing the praise of Sammy Small with wild and side acclaim
Just Fighter Pilots---Pilots, without a fucking brain.

They spin their yaras of Air Way, by pilots brave and fair
Eighty percent is bull-shit, and twenty more is air
We hear that they're by far the best and that we'd better believe
But where in the Hell would the fly boys be
If the Air Base Group should leave.

The squawk box screams of flak holes and tanks all out of gas
Of takusan MIG's and bandits a playing on their ass
They git their bloomin balls shot off but still they brag of it
With one accord we'll tell the world, They Can't Fly For SHIT.

THE END

I was hanging around Ops in this sweaty grime,
Just cussin' the shcedule and my lack of time
When up walks this Colonel and and says, I suppose
You're a trained killer by the looks of your clothers.
Well I looked him once and I looked him down twice.
I could tell my his sneer he weren't thinkin' nice.
So I said in a voice that shook with the fear,
I'm your man if you buy the beer.

The Colonel then said, "I've got a place in mind
Where you can go, if you're not blind
They've flak and MIGS and SAMS and such
I need a man that's good in the clutch."
I get all het up and ask what I'd get
"Twas a kick in the ass if I didn't hit.
I told him I'd go 'cause they haven't found
A target in hell that I couldn't pound.

We jump in his car and go to the line
He stops by a "Nickle" that's tied up in twine.
"This is your bird, now get on your way."
I could tell at a glance I'd sure earn my pay.
I crank the beast up and I taxie on out,
As I leave the chocks I hear the chief shout
The oil pressure's low, the water don't work,
And the stab aug's got one hell of a jerk.

I give him a grin and waggle my thumb,
This one's a counter and I'm not so dumb.
Well I take on off at two hundred per
I got two on the wings and a full loaded mer.
I struggle on up to ten thousand feet
Send down the tanker or we'll never meet.

Well I take on my gas and head out on course
I call for a steer until I am hoarse.
But Lion is down and Invert won't say
And Brigham says I'm not going his way.

Well I'm off on my own and all for the best,
Those bastards don't know the East from the West.
Now I get over Thanh Hoa and I look for the bridge,
They said it was South but it's East of the ridge.
I roll in on my run, it looks easy as pie,
"Til the flak starts burstin' and coverin' the sky.

I cooly compute all the mils I will need
And calmly adjust both angle and speed
I check my drift and with the bridge in my sight,
I mash on the button and pull off to the right,
Well I check back at six and I see this big bird,
He's a closing in fast and he's sure riding herd.
As he flashes by there's a Red Star on each side.
It must be a MIG and there's no place to hide.

The Thanh Hoa Bridge-cont'd.

I head for the deck with all that she's got,
When along comes this SAM-my God I've been shot!
While drifting down in my chute all alone
I'm finally convinced that I'm no "smokin' stone."
I'm wishin' I was back in Kansas right now
With a face full of horseshit, my hand on the plow
But that ain't so and I'm down in the drink
A day like today can sure make a man think!

Oh that Thanh Hoa Bridge
Oh that Thanh Hoa Bridge
They've flak and missles, you're some sitting duck
At downing good pilots they've had lots of luck.

12 DAYS OF COMBAT

299

- On the first day of combat, the Air Force gave to me
a pilot in a teak tree.
- On the second day of combat, the Air Force gave to me
two rocket pods.
- On the third day of combat, the Air Force gave to me
three fuel tanks.
- On the fourth day of combat, the Air Force gave to me
four GAR 8's.
- On the fifth day of combat, the Air Force gave to me
five thousand pounders
- On the sixth day of combat, the Air Force gave to me
six seven-fifties.
- On the seventh day of combat, Ho Chi gave to me
seven SAM's singing.
- On the eighth day of combat, Ho Chi gave to me
eight flak sites firing.
- On the ninth day of combat, the Air Force gave to me
ten Sandys searching.
- On the eleventh day of combat, the Air Force gave to me
eleven choppers whirling.
- On the twelfth day of combat, the Air Force gave to me
twelve days a-waiting.

When you set in the fix
And it's old Package Six
That's tuff shitsky.

When the MIG call is on
And your radar is gone
That's tuff shitsky.

When the MIGS are behind
What a hell of a bind
That's tuff shitsky.

Then you hear from your wing
"Can't help with this thing"
That's tuff shitsky.

Then you know the best poop
Is a great big fat loop
That's tuff shitsky.

When you see a big SAM
And it looks like a ram
That's tuff shitsky.

When your over the top
And you hear a loud pop
That's tuff shitsky.

On your way to the ground
You will hear this from "Crown"
That's tuff shitsky.

"We are already late
And we all have a date"
That's tuff shitsky.

"We must be on our way
So, that's all for today"
That's tuff shitsky.

"We will come back tomorrow
Till then tears and sorrow"
Tuff Shitsky!

"But we have to go back
Now to joust in the sack"
It's tuff shitsky!

WINGMAN'S LAMENT
(Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike)

301

We turned the Red and lead said, "Push it up."
I used my burner and couldn't keep up.
I was dragging behind; it sure ain't no fun..
I said, "Leader, leader, oh please, give me one."
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

Flying above us were several F-4's.
They're 'bout as useful as tits on a boar.
They brief in the air and they pull other pranks,
Like bombarding Fives with their empty drop tanks.
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

We hit Cho Moi and then turned on our run.
The gunners below uncovered their guns.
I tell you the weather up there can change fast
From clear and fifteen to a black overcast.
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

Lead passed the target before he rolled in
With 300 knots; a capital sin.
And try though I did, and I tried as I pleased,
I had 400 knots and 20 degrees.
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

I rolled in and lit a fresh cigarette.
A few puffs of flak were nothing to sweat.
A damned golden BB met up with my plane.
Hey coach, I think I will drop out of the game.
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

P-1 and P-2 fall down through the red.
I begin to fear my Thunderchief's dead.
The slab and the stick, they soon separated.
By the finger of fate, I have been mated.
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

The living at Hilton ain't very good.
I find the quarters as bad as the food.
The waiters, they give us a whole lot of lip.
But we don't have to pay, we don't have to tip.
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

So listen, my friends, if you're flying today,
Keep it high, keep it fast, is what I say.
Keep up with your leader, but still just the same,
You bet your own ass is the name of the game.
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

A bunch of the boys was whooping it up in the Malemute Saloon
In the brothel next door a French whore was floating like a balloon.
I was standing outside in a snowdrift trying to make up me mind
Whether to get me a skin full of grog or hop in the drum for a grind.

When the swinging doors fly open and I gets me a whiff of the gin
So I ties me cock in a lovers know and opens the door and walks in.
Now the barroom floor was so crowded you couldn't 'av swung Murphy's cat
And although the women was sexy enough there was hardly room for a fat.

So I shoulders me way to the counter and orders a double of rum
And just to show I'm a regular beau I dates this bird in the bum.
"Get out of it you big bludger," she howled. Christ how the crowd did
roar!

"That's no way to treat a lady, you pox ridden son of a whore."

So I buys her a drink and she's happy, I thinks maybe I'll make a pass
Then I gets me a whiff of 'er armpit, and I wipes her, just like an ass
Then I picks up me drink and shoulders me way to a table by the pianner.
Where the Ragtime Kid keeps playing his tune in his usual up-to-shit
manner.

When I takes a quick look round the barroom and I says to meself,
"what a scene"

If the devil happened in for a quick slug of gin, they'd be up him for
bein' a queen.

In the middle a couple was dancin', they were stuck together like glue,
If it weren't for the fact they had pants on, you'd swear they was
havin' a screw.

The barman's a buy from Missouri, with diamonds all dressed up to kill
One hand's on the cunt of his cutie, and his other big mitt on the till.
Now I guess I'd be what you call tough-like, I've been around in me time,
But this little part of Alaska, just shits me, I tell you she's prime.

There's drinkin' and fuckin' and gamblin' and swearin' and all kinds of
vice,

You can saddle the hole of an Indian boy just by a roll of the dice.
But one thing stands out like a shit-house, in this cesspool of cunt,
rum and spew

As she stands there by the pianner, the lady that's known as Lou

I wish I had words to describe her in poetic words and of rhyme
As she stands there gracefully sweeping the flies off her twat with a fan
I'd give pay dirt just to be up her, but I know I'm not in the race
I'd glup the air like a drowning steer if she'd only fart in me face.

Then all of a sudden it happened, like lightening right out of the blue,
As the swinging door flew open, and there stands Dan McGrew.
The silence was grim and forebodin', you could have heard a mouse squeak,
And before I knew I'd begun it, I found meself takin' a leak.

I said it was grim and forebodin', like nothin' what I've heard before
And I've had a close shave, when an Indian brave caught me fucking his
squaw.

"I've come to shoot you Lou", says Dan, "and I'm going to shoot you quick
And after I've shot you cold with me gun, I'll fuck you hot with me prick"

Dangerous Dan McGrew-cont'd.

"Stick you gun up your bum, you big country hick," says Lou and her voice was like ice.

"If a cow sucked you off in a famine, you'd be two fuckin' mean to come twice."

"I'll not take that from a woman," sez Dan, and his hand to his holster flew,

And no man could draw a gun faster than Dangerous Dan McGrew.

There were two shots, a scream and a deathly hush and the Ragtime Kid made for the door.

But I couldn't take me gaze from the shape of the ass that lay on the barroom floor.

It was Dangerous Dan who lay there as stiff as a weddin' prick While out through the door and into the snow ran the Kid like a clappy Dick.

Now you ask me who shot Dan McGrew byt I've gotta keep true to a vow For Dangerous Dan used to fuck Lou but it's me who's fucking her now. And if you should come to Alaska and pass by Malemute You'll find me there in the bar drinking or next door havin' a root.

Now this is the end of me story and I'll tell you, so help me, it's true And bugger me promise and also me vow and fuck Dangerous Dan McGrew.

LUPE

303

Down in cunt valley, where blood rivers flow,
Where whoremongers flourish and cocksuckers grow,
"Twas there I met Lupe, the girl I adore,
She's my hot fucking, cocksucking Mexican whore.

She got her first peice at the young age of 8
While swinging one day on the old garden gate.
The crossbar went out and the upright went in,
Ever since she has lived in a welter of sin.

She'll hug you, she'll fuck you, she'll gnaw at your nuts,
She'll wrap her legs 'round you and suck out your guts,
She'll wrap her legs 'round you till you think you'll die,
Oh, I'd rather eate Lupe than Blueberry Pie.

Lupe, poor Lupe, lies dead in her tomb,
The worms crawl out of her decomposed womb.
And the smile on her face is a mute cry for more,
She's my hot fucking, cocksucking Mexican whore.

Let me tell you a tale of the South China Sea;
Of a base known as Phan Rang where whiskey flows free.
It's called Happy Valley by those in command
It's really the cesspool of South Viet Nam.
There's fuck-all to do so you drink, sleep and fly,
The food ain't worth eating so very few try.
And the 35th Wing, which rules all along
Is as fucked-up as anything you've ever know.

What a horrible base,
It's a fucking disgrace.
The water supplied us is all full of grit
It smells like a garbage can stuffed full of shit.
What a horrible base.

We've been infiltrated by Training Command
They're not fighter pilots, they don't understand.
We're so regulated whenever we fly
That Mustang will even decide how you die.
You don't make decisions, we have something new
They're called Instant Experts who know what to do.
They get sixty hours at Cannon or Luke
And their stupid instructions make fighter jocks puke.

I have been here too long
I can't tell right from wrong.
This base ain't worth saving, it's so fucking bad
The worst damn assignment that I've ever had
I have been here too long.

We get lots of screwin, but never with love
The fucking we get is passed down from above.
We aren't allowed acro or rat-racing here
The flying we do is a shitty affair.
It's straight to the target, then straight back to base
To bank more than thirty degrees means disgrace.
You're grounded and pounded down into the grit
And the whole base is told you're a dumb fucking shit.

Give Phan Rang to the Cong,
Here is where they belong.
If I ever leave here I;m not coming back
I'm sure there are less rules to live by in SAC.
Give Phan Rang to the Cong.

The poor Base Commander is losing his mind
And with both hands searching, his ass he can't find.
He's taking up drinking, his nerves are all shot
The coffee is cold and the Kool-Aid is hot.
The fuel farm is leaking, the water tanks too
If we're hit by mortars, this damn base is through.
No one can defend us, we all live in fear
That we won't survive to go home in a year.

Why the hell are we here?
Living on whiskey and beer
The 35th Wing had such poor B.D.A.
They sent in the Aussie's to show them the way.
Why the hell are we here?

There once were three men from Birmingham
And this is the story concerning them.
They lifted the frock and ticked the cock of the Bishop
While he was confirming them.

Chorus:

Ay Ay Ay Ay
Pilots always eat pussy
So sing us another verse
That's worse then the other verse
So waltz me around again Willie.

Now the Bishop was nobody's fool
He'd attended a large public school
So he pulled down his britches and buggered those bitches
With his ten inch Episcopal tool.

Chorus:

There once was a girl from Azores
Whose body was covered with sores
The dogs in the street would not eat the green meat
That hung is festoon from her drawers.

Chorus:

There once was a girl named Annie
Whoe buggered an ape in a tree
The result was horrid, all ass and no forid
Three balls and a purple goatee.

Chorus:

There once was a girl named Alice
Who used a dynamite stick for a fallice
They found her vagina in North Carolina
And part of her asshole in Dallas.

Chorus:

There once was a young man from Boston
Who bought a very small Austin
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas
But his balls hung out and he lost them.

Chorus:

There was a young man from Bombay
Who molded a cunt out of clay
But the heat of his prick turned the clay into brick
And tore all his foreskin away.

Chorus:

There was a young hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in his cave
He said, "I'll be the first to admit, that I'm a bit of a shit
But think of the money I save."

Pilots Always Eat Pussy-cont'd.

Chorus:

There was a young man named Cass
Whose balls were made of spun glass
When they clanked together, they played "Stormy Weather"
And lightning shot out of his ass.

Chorus:

There once was a girl from France
Who boarded a train by chance
The engineer fucked her, so did the conductor
And the brakeman went off in his pants.

Chorus:

There once was a girl named Gail
Between her tits was the price of her tail
On on her behind, for the sake of the blind
Was the same information in Braille.

Chorus:

There was once an old lady from Wheeling
Who had a peculiar feeling
She would lay on her back and tickle her crack
And piss all over the ceiling.

Chorus:

There was an old man from Kent
Whose prick was so long it bent
To save himself trouble he put it in double
And instead of coming he went.

Chorus:

There was an old maid from Shooster
Who dreamt that a man had seduced her
But when she awoke it was only a joke
A spring in the bed had goosed her.

Chorus:

There was a young girl from Peru
Who said as the Bishop withdrew
The Vicar is quicker, he's also a lick
And considerably thicker than you.

Chorus:

There was a young man from St. Clair
Who boogered his wife on the stair
The banister broke so he doubled his stroke
And finished her off in the air.

Chorus:

There once was a lesbian named June
Who took a young queer to her room
They argued all night as to who had the right
To do what, and with which, and to whom.

Chorus:

There once was a young girl named Myrtle
Who was raped on the bench by a turtle
The result of the fuck was two eggs and a duck
Which proved that the turtle was fertile.

Chorus:

There was a mathematician named Hall
Who had a hexahydronical ball
The cube of its weight times his pecker plus eight
Was $4/8$ of $5/8$ of fuck all.

WHY DID I JOIN THE AIR FORCE

306

Oh, the "T-Jet's" a very fine aircraft
Constructed of rivets and tin
It cruises well over one-fifty
The ship with the headwind built in.

Chorus:

Oh why did I join the Air Force
Mother, dear Mother new best
Here I lie 'neath the wreckage
A "T-Jet" all over my chest.

Now when you are out on a mission,
You will be happy to learn,
The crew chief's betting goo money
Ten to one you will never return.

Chorus:

Now when you are out on a mission
A Messerschmidtt makes a fine pass;
Reach up, grab hold of the rip cord
To hell with the ship, save your ass!

Chorus:

One fine day, just last summer
('twas prior to a raid)
The jocks were hung over
From screwin' the maid.

So with canopies open
And heads hung in grief
Their sorrows were many
Their crew rest too brief.

The mission commander
By some marvelous feat
Got them all to the Anchor--
Cycled through, then did meet.

With those beautiful Thuds
Spread in "pod"--quite a force!
The Phantoms moved in
Like the old Trojan horse.

The MIGS had been scrambled
Were headed out East,
But the gunners are hosing
Eighty-fives at our beast.

"Why the hell should they hate me?"
I cried in dismay,
"I'm egressing, you bastards,
So play it my way."

But my cry went unheeded
As our bird took a hit;
And I know there and then
Things had just turned to shit.

Tho' my chances were nil
There was fuck else to do
But head for the Black
With our whole fuckin' crew.

So in anger, and pissed
Did we drop the whole load
On the cock-suckin' gunner's
Kids, wife and abode.

There was no goddam grief
As I cried out with glee
"Eat your heart out, you bitch,
For you'll never get me."

So with eighty per cent
(that was all we could get)
We headed for North Point
With hopes of a TET.

Ode To A Great Fuckin' Sar Effort-cont'd

But 'twas mostly in vain
As we swung past the Red
I knew that my ass
Was fuckin' near dead.

Cause Yen Bay came alive
Like the Fourth of July!
The flak was so thick
That I wanted to cry.

As my two, three and four
Broke down, left, then right
Leaving us solo
In the dwindling light.

"Well, ol' buddy," my number one
GIB says to me,
"It looks like there's just
Gonna be me and thee."

"And with your goddam luck
We should punch out at ten
So the rest of the fall
We can take with a grin."

For I just know goddam well
As I sit here in fright
That both fuckin' chutes
Were packed wrong last night.

"And I want you to know,"
He hastened to add,
"That in case we don't make it
Please don't get mad."

It isn't my fault
That the pod didn't work
I told you that twice
You dumb fuckin' jerk.

A tank didn't feed
The doppler was short,
(you said) we'll get our counter
No matter what!

"Well, you've got your first counter
It may be the last
Unless this old whore
Can take one more blast."

Shut your trap and eject!
Was the word of the day.
So we punched, not at ten
But at two, so they say.....

To the valley he said he was flying,
And he never saw the medal that he earned,
Many jocks have flown into the valey,
And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission,
Tonight at the bar TEAK flight will sing,
But we're goin' to the Red River Valley,
And today you are flying my wing.

Oh the flak is so thick in the valley,
That the Mig's and the missles we don't need,
So fly high and down sun in the valley,
And guard well the ass of TEAK lead.

Now if things turn to shit in the valley,
And the briefing that I gave you don't heed,
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton,
And it's fish heads and rice for TEAK lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley,
In the states it had always been fun,
But with thunder and lightning all around us,
T'was the last A.A.R. for TEAK One.

When he came to a bridge in the valley,
He saw a duty that he couldn't shun,
For the first to roll in on the target,
Was my leader old TEAK Number One.

Oh, he flew through the flak toward the target,
With his bombs and his rockets drew a bean,
But he never pulled out of his bomb run,
T'was fatal for another TEAK lead.

So come sit by my side at the briefing,
We will sit there and tickle the beads,
For we're going to the Red River Valley,
And my call sign today is TEAK Lead.

In fourteen hundred ninety two
A Diego from I Tal' y
Roamed the streets of old Madrid
And pissed in every alley
All night long, from midnight on.

He wnet before the Queen of Spain
And asked for ships and cargo.
He said, "I'll kiss your royal ass
If I don't bring back Chicago."
All night long, from midnight on.

Three ships sailed out from Spain
One day-the lead ship's name was Venus.
The figurehead was s whore in bed and
The mast was an upright penis.
All night long, from midnight on.

Three ships sailed out from Spain one day
One was a double decker.
The Queen she waved her handkerchief
Columbo waved his pecker.
All night long, from midnight on.

Columbo had a cabin boy
His name was Jackie Cooper
And all night long by the pale moonlight
He'd shove it up his pooper.
All night long, from midnight on.

That cabin boy, that cabin boy
That dirty little nipper.
He lined his ass with broken glass
And circumcised the skipper.
All night long, from midnight on.

For 40 days and 40 nights they sailed the broad Atlantic.
Once on the shore they spied a whore and the whole
Damned crew got frantic.
All night long, from midnight on.

He screwed her once, he screwed her twice
He screwed her once to often.
He broke the main spring in her ass
And now she's in her coffin.
All night long, from midnight on.

I've been alive
Twenty years, plus four or five,
And I've tried many a pursuit.
I went to pilot school,
Learned the ropes and learned the rules,
And got my wings and my blue suit.

And then I went to get upgraded
And like a fool I made it.
Then they made me number four,
And then they sent me off to war,
Buster.
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them any more.

The Republic Thunderchief
Is just twenty tons of grief.
The dirty sons-of-bitches
Filled it with three hundred switches,
Buster.
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

To keep my bod' alive
They taught me to survive,
At a place nestled in the hills.
They fed me porcupine,
And other goodies fine;
Pemmican to cure all my ills.

And in three weeks I had made it.
They said I'd graduated.
Well, Buddy, if that's livin'
I think that I'll just give in,
Buster.
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

You can have your he-man training
In the snow, and when it's raining.
I'd rather be a weenie
With my tootie and martini,
Buster.
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

I Wanted Wings (cont'd)

I do not want to stay,
But I cannot get away.
In Hanoi they all love parades.
Each day we take a walk
Through Hanoi Central Park,
Not dressed in style, I'm afraid.

Oh, those little yellow mammas
Dress us all in black pajamas,
Spectators, they just sit there,
Sometimes throw rocks, sometimes spit there,
Buster.

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

You can have your 105.
I'd much rather stay live.
The lousy afterburned
Gets you north just that much sooner,
Buster.

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

These lines are just in jest;
Thud drivers are the best,
At flying 'n chasing women, too.
The goods they deliver
Are sure to make Ho shiver,
And wish to hell this war was through.

And for some it is all over.
They lie down beneath the clover,
For they did go down in flames,
But we will not forget their names,
Buster.

They wanted wings
And they've truly got their wings,
And they will wear them evermore.

For there are no regulations
For those heaven-bound formations,
If they don't like it, well,
They can split-S down to hell,
Buster.

They wanted wings
And they've truly got their wings,
And they will wear them evermore.

I am a gay cabellero,
On my way to Rio Janero
And taking with me, my long Bom-Ba-Di
And also my Bom-Bom-Baderos.

I went to a fine tiato,
An exceedingly fine tiato.
And taking with me mu long Bom-Ba-Di
And also my Bom-Bom-Baderos.

I met a gay senorita,
And exceedingly gay senorita.
Who wanted to see my long Bom-Ba-Di
And also my Bom-Bom-Baderos.

We sat on a soft sofita,
An exceedingly soft sofita.
And I showed her the tip of my long Bom-Ba-Di
And one of my Bom-Bom-Baderos.

And from this gay senorita,
I caught a case of clapita.
Right on the tip of my long Bom-Ba-Di
And on one of my Bom-Bom-Baderos.

I went to a fine medico,
And exceedingly fine medico.
I showed him the tip of my long Bom-Ba-Di
And one of my Bom-Bom Baderos.

He took a sharp stiletto,
An exceedingly sharp stiletto,
And cut off the tip of my long Bom-Ba-Di
And one of my Bom-Bom-Baderos.

Now I am a sad cabellero,
Returning from Rio Janero.
Minus the tip of my long Bom-Ba-Di,
And one of my Bom-Bom Baderos.

There's a courier leaving old Atchem today
It's bound for Wharton they way
Heavily laden with browned-off young men
Akl hoping for posting some day.
They all think they're ops types
They're keen as can be
To get a Fooke Wulf in the sights
They're experts at groaning
At pissing and moaning
And everyone just loves to gripe.

Prang 'em all, prang 'em all
The needle, the airpseed, the ball
Prang the instructors who taught us to fly
They sent us up solo and left us to die
And if ever your aircraft should stall
You're in for one hell of a fall
No lillies or violets for dead fighter pilots
So cheer up my lads, prang 'em all.

Prang 'em all, prang 'em all
As into the cockpit you crawl
Prang all the harness that fastens you in
Then prang that damn Wasp and it's bastardly din
For you loop and you roll and you dive
Until you're more dead than alive
No future in flying unless you like dying
So cheer up my lads, prang 'em all.

Prang 'em all, prang 'em all
No more free mistakes they all bawl
Close up the range, shove it up Jerries ass
Then press the old tit, fill his guts full of gas
For we've studied each morn, noon and night
How the hardest damn part of the fight
Isn't flying and fighting, it's reading and writing
So cheer up me lads, prang 'em all.

Prang 'em all, prang 'em all
The Mustangs, the T-bolts and all
Prange all the Lightenings the Spitfires as well
As for the Masters they come straight from Hell
That abortion-like son of a citch
You can shove up you ass in fine pitch
All fabric and plywood, it's no fucking damn good
So cheer up my lads, prang 'em all.

Prang 'em all, prang 'em all
In a ditch or a hedge or a wall
Prang all the Masters, the Mustangs and Bolts
We'll give the boys down at Ajax some jolts
If you're browned-off just round off too high
Of aircraft we'll clear shropshires sky
We'll make some scrap metal to put in the kettle
So cheer up my lads, prang 'em all.

Oh come 'round us fighter pilots
Fuck 'em all
Oh come 'round us fighter pilots
Fuck 'em all
Oh we fly the dad damn plane
Throught the flak and through the rain
And tomorrow we'll do it again
So fuck 'em all.

Oh they tell us not to think
Fuck 'em all
Oh they tell us not to think
Fuck 'em all
Oh they tell us not to think
Just to dive and just to think
LBJ's a goddamn fink
So fuck 'em all.

Oh we bombed Mugia Pass
Fuck 'em all
Oh we bombed Mugia Pass
Fuck 'em all
Oh we bombed Mugia Pass
Though we only made on pass
They really stuck it up our ass
So fuck 'em all.

Oh we're on a JCS
Fuck 'em all
Oh we're on a JCS
Fuck 'em all
Oh they sent the whole damn wing
Probably half of us will sing
What a silly fucking thing
So fuck 'em all.

Oh we lost our fucking way
Fuck 'em all
Oh we lost our fucking way
Fuck 'em all
Oh we straffed goddamn Hanoi
Killed every fucking girl and boy
What a goddamn fucking joy
So fuck 'em all.

Oh my bird got all shot up
Fuck 'em all
Oh my' bird got all shot up
Fuck 'em all
Oh my bird it did get shot
And I'll probably cry a lot
But I think that it's shit hot
So fuck 'em all.

While I'm swinging in my chute
Fuck 'em all
While I'm swinging in my chute
Fuck 'em all
While I'm swing in my chute
Comes this silly fucking toot
And hangs a medal on my root

So fuck 'em all.

Pissonya, Pissonya, Pissonya, Pissonya
 In Russian that means that I love you
 If I had my way, I pissonya all day
 For in Russian that means that I love you.

Chorus:

Aie, aie, aie, aie
 I've got crabs in my moustache,
 If I had my way, I'd scratch them all day,
 For I've got crabs in my moustache.

Shittonya, shittonya, shittonya, shittonya
 In Russian that means that we'll marry.
 If I had my way I'd shittonya all day
 For in Russian that means that we'll marry.

Chorus:

Layonya, layonya, layonya, layonya
 In Russian that means we'll have children
 If I had my way I'd layonya all day
 For in Russian that means we'll have children.

Chorus:

CHARLIE WENT A-RUNNING

315

Charlie won't fight 'n' I don't care uh huh
 Charlie won't fight 'n' I don't care uh huh
 Charlie won't fight 'n' I con't care
 I think he's running off some where, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh.

He sneaked up to my front door, uh huh
 He sneaked up to my front door, uh huh
 He sneaked up to my front door
 He didn't know he left a claymore, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh.

Old Charlie's got some mortar shells, uh huh
 Old Charlie's got some mortar shells, uh huh
 Old Charlie's got some mortar shells
 I hope he blows himself to hell, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh.

Charlie's living underground, uh huh
 Charlie's living underground, uh huh
 Charlie's living underground
 When the monsoon comes I hope he drowns, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh.

YOU'LL NEVER MIND

Come and join the Air Force
 We're a happy band they say
 We never do a lick of work
 Just fly around all day
 While others work and study
 And soon grow old and blind
 We take to the air without a care
 And you will never mind.

CHORUS

You'll never mind, you'll never mind
 So come and join the Air Force
 And you will never mind.

Come and get promoted
 As high as you desire
 You're riding on a gravy train
 If you're an Air Force flyer
 And when you get to General, you will surely find
 Your wings fall off, the dough rolls in
 But you will never mind.

(chorus)

You take it up and spin it
 And with an awful tear
 Your wings fall off, the ship spins in
 But you will never care
 For in about two minutes more
 Another pair you'll find
 You'll dance with Pete in an angel's suit
 But you will never mind.

(chorus)

While flying the Pacific
 You hear the engine spit
 You watch the tach come to a stop
 The God Damn thing has quit
 The ship won't float and you can't swim
 The shore is far behind
 Oh, what a dish for crabs and fish
 But you will never mind.

(chorus)

While flying over Laos
 in a Thunderchief
 There's one thing to remember
 And that's my firm belief
 I've only got one engine, Jack
 And if that bastard quits
 It'll be up there all by itself
 'Cause I will shit and git.

You'll Never Mind-cont'd.

(chorus)

And if some wily MIG 19
Should shoot you down in flames
Don't sit around and bellyache
And call the bastard names
Just hit the silk, it's cream and milk
Andy pretty soon you'll find
There is no Hell and all is well
And you will never mind.

WE ALL MAY BE DEAD TOMORROW

317

We all may be dead tomorrow
No one gives a shit but our wives
So, let's drink and get royally plastered
And enjoy what we can of our lives.

THE OTHERS WENT FLYING

318

The (unit) went flying
One dark and windy day
And as they taxied by
I heard (Commander) say
I see my boys are flying
And I feel so God Damn proud
The (unit) will penetrate a cloud.

B-52 TAKE-OFF

Hand on the throttles, all eight of them
Release the brakes, all sixteen of them
Off we go into the wild blue yonder.....CRASH!!!!!!

319

OUR LEADERS
(Tune of Manana)

At Phillips Range in Kansas,
The jocks had all the knack,
But now that we're in combat,
We got Colonels on your back,
And every time we say shit hot
or whistle in the bar,
We have to anser to somebody
Looking for a star!

(CHORUS)

Our leaders, our leaders,
Our leaders is what they always say,
But it's bullshit, it's bullshit,
It's bullshit they feed us every day.

Today we had a not one,
And the jocks were scared to hell,
They ran to meet us with a beer,
And said that we were swell,
But Recce toll the B.D.A.
And said we missed a hair,
Now we'll catch all kinds of hell
From the wheels at Seventh Air...(Chorus)

They send us out in bunches
To bomb a bridge and die,
These tactics are for bombers,
That our leaders used to fly,
The Big Picture evades us,
And that is why I guess,
We have to leave our thinking
to the wheels in J.C.S....(chorus)

The J.C.S. are generals
And they're not always right,
Sometimes they have to think it over
Well into the night,
When they have a question
Or something they can't hack,
They have to leave the judgement
to that money saving MAC.....(chorus)

Now MAC's job is in danger,
For he's on salary too,
To be the final say so
Is something he can't do,
Before we fly the mission
And everything's OK,
He has to get permission
From Flight Leader L.B.J.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE OLD HEADS GONE
(Tune: Where Have All The Flowers Gone)

Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the soldiers gone?
They've all gone to Viet Nam.
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn.

Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
They've all become Viet Cong.
Oh, when will we ever learn?
Oh, when will we ever learn.

Where have all the VC's gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the VC's gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the VC's gone?
To fix the bridges that we bomb.
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn.

Where do all the Weasels go?
Long time passing.
Where do all the Weasels go?
Long time ago.
Where do all the Weasels go?
O'er the ridge to meet the foe.
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn.

Where have all the SAM sites gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the SAM sites gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the SAM sites gone?
They've been down, oh so long.
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn.

Where do all the strike flight go?
Long time passing.
Where do all the strike flight go?
Long time ago.
Where do all the strike flight go?
'Cross the fence again, I know.
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn.

Where Have All The Old Heads Gone-cont'd

Where have all the flak sites gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the flak sites gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the flak sites gone?
Along the railroad, oh so long.
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn.

Where have all the old heads gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the old heads gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the old heads gone?
They've gone home; their tour is done.
You see, they've finally learned;
Oh yes, they've finally learned.

322

WILD WEASEL
(Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike)

Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they call me by name.
I fly up on Thud Ridge, and play the big game.
I fly o'er the valleys and hide behind hills;
I dodge all the missiles, then go in for kills.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

Some weak guns, some weak guns; they're all off at one.
But don't worry fellows, for threats there are none.
There's a big one just looking at two o'clock now.
There's flak all around us; they're shooting and how!
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

Keep moving, they're shooting. The target's at eight.
Go burner, now roll in, don't pull it off straight.
A missile! A missile! Let's take it on down.
Oh God, where's that bastard? My flight suit's turned brown.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

Now pull it up, pull up, and head for the sky.
The missile's at two, boys, now watch it sail by.
There's smoke from the SAM site out there in the grass.
Set 'em up hot, boys, and we'll nail his ass.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they've called me by name.
I flew o'er the fence, and I've won the big game.
One hundred, one hundred, I'm heading for home.
And over those damn hills, I'll never more roam.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot fine bear.

I was cruising at six angels
In my foxtrot 105,
Thinking 'bout the Poo-Ying
Back in the Takhli dive,
When a sudden burst of ack-ack
Was all around the sky.
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday!
My tanks are running dry.

Chorus:

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Here's a tanker full of gas
To save a fighter pilot's ass.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Put your gas-hole on the boom
And you'll be saved.

So I squawked my parrot mayday
And called GCI,
Asking for a tanker
To keep me in the sky.
Well, the Airman-third controller
Said, "Please don't go away.
Let me call up Seventh
To see if it's okay."

Chorus:

Then a friendly tanker pilot
Called out, "Fighter jock, no sweat.
I've got half a jug of coffee,
So I'm not bingo yet.
If you get a vector to me
I'll be glad to pass some gas.
Turn your twenty mike-mike off,
And don't shoot up my ass."

Chorus:

It was really getting hairy
As I sped my old Thud south.
I could feel the cotton rising
All inside my mouth.
Then I saw the silver tanker
And gave a happy shout.
Then I saw the drogue behind,
And started punching out.

Chorus:

SUNG TO MY HOME IN INDIANA

When the SAMS start rising from old Haiphong Harbor
 And the 85's start puffing round Kep Hay
 You will know your targets just beyond that mountain
 And you wonder if the MIGS will come to play.

Oh you reach your pull up point and start your pop up
 And the tracers seem to urge you on your way
 You see the bridge as you start roll in
 You wonder if the MIGS will come to play.

You've dropped your bombs and now you're off and running
 Jinking hard you're on your merry way
 And as you reach the jagged limestone ridges
 You wonder if the MIGS will come to play.

You've reached the coast and all the sea is friendly
 The fuel is low but not too bad you say
 I can make it back to Korat nice and easy
 If only the MIGS don't come to play.

You're climbing now and starting to rest easy
 A drink of water helps you on your way
 But a glint of light, a speck up high, and you know
 The MIGS have fi-nal-ly come to play.

Your burners in, you're diving down, you're running
 But his overtake is far too much today
 In your dinghy bobbing on the Gulf of Tonkin
 You wish the MIGS just hadn't come to play.

POP GOES THE WEASEL

Around and around the SAM site
 The missile chased the Weasel.
 The Weasel got pissed, the SAM got zapped.
 Pop goes the Weasel.

Willy Peter showed us where
 To roll in to displease 'em.
 One more pass with HEI.
 Pop goes the Weasel.

Lady fingers did their job,
 Did more than just tease 'em.
 The Russian Techs got all pissed off.
 Pop goes the Weasel.

We look around for SAM sites.
 We grab their balls and squeez them.
 They show their ass, we shoot it off.
 Pop goes the Weasel.

ONE HUNDRED MISSIONS

(Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home (dirge))

One hundred missions we have flown, aha, aha.
One hundred missions we have flown, aha, aha.
One hundred missions we have flown,
One hundred bridges we have blown,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

From one to one hundred we did count, aha, aha.
From one to one hundred we did count, aha, aha.
From one to one hundred we did count,
But now one half or more don't count,
But you can't return until Lyndon gives the word.

They said they'd give us combat pay, aha, aha.
They said they'd give us combat pay, aha, aha.
They said they'd give us combat pay,
And then the bastards took it away,
But you can't return until Lyndon gives the word.

We're Iron Hands from old Takhli, aha, aha.
We're Iron Hands from old Takhli, aha, aha.
We're Iron Hands from old Takhli,
Our hearts beat fast, we think we'll pee,
But you can't return until Lyndon gives the word.

The Weasels fly around alone, aha, aha.
The Weasels fly around alone, aha, aha.
The Weasels fly around alone,
With half a flight they head for home,
But you can't return until Lyndon gives the word.

The force rolls in amidst the flak, aha, aha.
The force rolls in amidst the flak, aha, aha.
The force rolls in amidst the flak,
One half or more won't make it back,
But you can't return until Lyndon gives the word.

Not many will return alive, aha, aha.
Not many will return alive, aha, aha.
Not many will return alive,
Who flew the bloody 105,
But you can't return until Lyndon gives the word.

Up in that valley,
That valley so low.
Where the SAM missiles flourish,
And the 85's glow.

The Thai Nguyen steel plant,
The Hanoi rail yard,
The bridges at Bac Giang,
They've played their trump card.

The Iron Hands mill right,
And the strike pilots flail.
The MIG's try to bounce us,
But they always fail.

The MIG cap, he hollers,
"There's bandits at twelve!"
"Launch!" screams the Weasel.
It's better in hell.

The flak is a-burstin'
Right next to my hide.
All I can hear is,
"You're lagging behind."

We're down on the bomb run.
The target's in sight.
"Sweet Jesus," I'm thinking,
"I'd better break right."

We're breaking for Thud Ridge,
What a beautiful sight.
Oh shit! I've just noticed
An overheat light.

My heart is a-pumping,
I know I'm not dead.
Please, God, get this old Thud
Just out past the Red.

If I can get past
That muddy old slough,
The Sandys and Jollys
Will pull me on through.

I'm past ninety-seven,
And now I can boast,
The rest I can finish
Out over the coast.

Where the tankers don't matter,
Although I must say,
I often have seen it,
Where they've saved the day.

Up In That Valley-cont'd.

Up in that valley,
That valley of grief,
I hope all your flights there
Will always be brief.

Goodbye to that valley,
So long to Takhli.
Don't bust your ass, buddy,
I'm going home free.

DON'T SEND ME TO HANOI
(Tune: Winchester Cathedral)

328

Don't send me to Hanoi.
Please don't put my name down.
The shooting is bad there.
Don't send me downtown.

The bridges at Bac Giang,
More milling around.
Another Brown Anchor,
I think I'll leave town.

Don't send me to Yen Bay
I don't like that much flak.
It takes too much damn gas
To bring me ass back.

Don't send me to Dong Hoi,
I don't want to get none,
Those BUF support missions,
They make my ass numb.

Just send me on milk runs,
Where there are no big guns.
I just want to fly where
It's easy on my bear.

We were cruising over Hanoi
Doin' gour and fifty per-
When I called to my flight leader,
"Oh, won't you help me, sir?
The SAMS are hot and heavy,
The MIGS are on our ass,
Take us home flight leader,
Please don't make another pass."

Chorus:

Hallalujah, Hallalujah!
Throw a nickel in the grass
Save a fighter pilot's ass.
Hallalujah, Hallalujah!
Throw a nickel in the grass
And you'll be saved.

I rolled into my bomb run
Trying to set the pipper right,
When a SAM came off the launch pad,
And headed for our flight
Then number two informed me
"Hey, four, you'd better break!"
I racked that goddam plane so hard
It made the whole thing shake.

Chorus:

I started my recovery.
It seemed things were all right.
When I felt the damndest impact,
Saw a blinding flash of light.
We held the stick with all our might
Against the finding force.
Then number two screamed out at us
"Hey, four, you've had the course!"

Chorus:

I screamed at my back seater
"we'd better punch on out-
Eject, eject, you stupid shit!"
In panic I did shout.
I didn't wait around to see
If Joe had got the word.
I reached between my legs and pulled,
And took off like a bird.

Chorus:

As I descended in my chute,
My thoughts were rather grim.
Rather than to be a prisoner
I'd fight them to the end.
I hit the ground and staggered up
And looked around to see
And there in blazing neon,
Hanoi Hilton welcomed me.

Cruising Over Hanoi-cont'd.

Chorus:

(Slowly)

The moral of this story is
When you're in package six,
You'd better goddam look around
Or you'll be in my fix.
I'm a guest at Hanoi Hilton
With luxury sublime
The only thing that's not so great
I'll be here a long-long-time.

Chorus.

WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

330

We've been working on the railroad
Every fucking day.
We've been working on the railroad,
Up Thai Nguyen way.

Uncle Ho ain't got no railroad,
No rolling stock or switches,
But Seventh frags us on the railroad,
Those dirty sons of bitches.

SAMS galore, 57's too,
85's will scragg your old Yazoo!
Fuck, shit, hate, shit hot too
So what the hell is new.

Someone's up a tree on Thud Ridge,
Someone's in the drink I know o-o-o-o
Someone's in the karst near Hoa Lac,
Shouting on the radio.

Shouting, Fee, Fi, Fiddly-i-oh
Fee, Fi, Fiddly-i-oh, oh, oh, oh
Fee, Fi, Jolly Green oh
Only 99 more to go.

"THE TEST"

To the flight line here in Saigon, the Pilot came one day.
 He didn't talk to folks around him,
 didn't have much to say.
 Did he dare to ask a question, did he dare to make a slip,
 for he knew that for the first time, he had weapons on
 his Ship---Weapons on his Ship.

Now it was early in the morning and the crew chief wore a frown.
 He didn't know this new replacement could get his airplane off the ground.
 He knew that this was deadly business, and there couldn't be a slip,
 and he knew a fledging pilot could bring trouble to his Ship---
 Trouble to his Ship.

Soon this pilot learned his lesson while flying all around.
 He received his first baptism from VC on the ground.
 Many rounds came through the cockpit,
 they struck the rotor head and he looked around behind him
 figuring everyone was dead---Everyone was dead.

He could see the gunner shooting, he could hear the crew chief shout,
 he could see the bastards running - God that marking smoke is out.
 Before the Viet Cong reached cover his bullets fairly ripped,
 and the wingman's aim was deadly with the weapons on his Ship---
 Weapons on his Ship.

There were a hundred yards between them when he made his second pass.
 He could hear machine guns chatter, he could feel the rocket blast.
 He could see the rice fields burning and the gun smoke he could smell.
 By the gorie scene around him made him whisper Holy Hell---Whisper Holy Hell.

Now it was over in a monent; there was silence all around,
 and the bodies of the VC lay before him on the ground.
 Had survived his first encounter just like the rest,
 now he was a combat pilot who had passed the crucial test.
 That it was over in a monent,
 there was silence all around.
 And the bodies of the VC lay before him on the ground.
 Had survived his first encounter but you haven't heard the rest,
 he just shot up 60 ARVN who were on a training test---On a training test.

So the moral of this story is while flying all around,
 and you think you are getting fire from the VC on the ground.
 And they call you and they tell you to make a firing pass,
 just tell you fearless leader he can jam it up his ass---Jam it up his ass.

The passed an ordinance in the town they said we'd have to tear it down.
That little shack out back so dear to me.
Well, the health department said its day was over and dead
It'll live forever in my memories.

chorus Don't let them tear that little brown building down
Don't let them tear that precious building down
Don't let them tear that dear old building down
For theres not another like it in the country or the town.

It was not so long ago that I went tipping through the snow to
that little house behind my old hound dog.
And I set me down to rest like a snowbird on his nest
and read the Sears and Roebuck catalogue.

chorus

I could hum a happy tune beneath the silvery quarter moon
as my Pappy's kin had done before.
It was just a quite spot and could never be forgot.
It gave the same relief to rich and poor.

chorus

It wasn't fancy built at all it had newspaper on the walls
it was air-conditioned in the winter time.
It was just a humble hut its door was never shut
and a man could get inside without a dime.

chorus

"SAIGON OH SAIGON"

Saigon, oh Saigon is a hellova place,
The organization is alblasted disgrace.

There's Captains and Majors and Lite Colonels too,
With their thumbs up their asses and nothing to do.

They stand on the runway, the scream and they shout about many
things they know nothing about,
For all that they are during they might as well be cutting grass
skirts on the isle of Capri.

Well the 352nd is coming we're way out of bounds,
Everyone knows were a damn bunch of clowns.

We shoot up rice paddies and brag about torque and everyone
thinks he's a damn Sgt York.

Hello Father, Dearest Mom, Here I am in Vietnam
~~We~~ather here is so vain for six months its dusty and
~~Six~~ months its rain.

Dear Aunt Gertie, Uncle Louie
I got my checkout in an armed Huey.

Now my troubles are all bygone
Cause I'm over here shooting around Saigon.

I went flying with Jim Lee
He goot shot right in the knee.

You remember Lennard Skinner
He got mortored up at Bien Hoa after dinner.

I went flying ~~with~~ ole Green
He drove our chopper right through the trees.

You remember that good Tom Baker
He hit a mind and thought he had met his maker.

Oh my buddies Bill and Tom
They got blown up in Quin Yon.

You remember Lany Drew
He got his leg shot off at Pleiku.

I just talked to Warren Green
He said he'd saw a MIG 15.

He said it started a bombing run
I think I'll watch and see if he's a lot of fun.

Oh you should see him he's a beaut
Now he's strafing Tan Son Nhut.

He's coming this way his aim is better
Oh darling Mother, Father disregard this letter.

"BETSY THE HEIFER"

335

My Daddy gave a calf to me for a Christmas present once.
I picked a little heifer out cause both of us were runts
She wasn't very smart but she grew up some how
And when it comes to giving milk she's an educated cow.

CHORUS

Betsy the heifer the queen of all the cows
She gave more milk than any law allowed
In the morning she gave pasturized at nite she gave homogenized
Betsy the heifer the queen of all the cows.

I planted me a tater patch to try to earn some dough
And take a short vacation with some city folks I know
But no one else would milk the cow no matter how I wagged
So Pa took my vacation leaving me to hold the bag.

CHORUS

I took herto the county fair to try to win a prize
She knew just what was going on, I saw it in her eyes
The contest made her nervous, she tried so hard to please
That when I tried to milk her all I got was cottage cheese.

CHORUS

Tune: Walbash Cannonball

Listen to the jingle the gruntin' and the wheeze,
As she rolls along the runway by the BAC-9 and the trees.
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as you leap off in the fog,
You're flying through the jungle in Republic's Ultra Hog.

We came up from old Korat one steamy summer day,
As we pitched up on the target you could hear all the gunners say,
"She's big and fat and ugly, she's really quite a dog,
She's known around the country as Republic's Ultra Hog".

Here's to MacNamara, his name will always smell,
He'll always be remembered down in Fighter Pilots Hell,
He frags all the targets and sends us out to die,
He sends us into combat in Republic's 105.

Listen to the jungle the gruntin' and the wheeze,
As she rolls along the runway by the BAC-9 and the trees.
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as you leap off in the fog,
You're flying through the jungle in Republic's Ultra Hog!!!

THUD DRIVERS IN THE SKY

337

Tune: Ghost riders in the Sky

A 105 got airborne on a dark and windy day
and as he raised his landing gear you could hear the pilot pray:
"Keep all those buckets in the wheel and I'll be safe and sound,
Don't let that fire go out, Dear Lord, till I am on the ground.

Chorus: Yippi-o, yippi-i-a-a-a
Thud drivers in the sky.

Those flying fiends are here to stay, it's said they're very mean,
And all know we've been famous since 1917,
Though we may work on holidays, and weekends just the same,
Those pukin pups make history, Oh bless that famous name.

As our 105s take to the air, their tails are spouting flame,
The crews they all go through hell, but fly em just the same,
The crew chiefs work their asses off to keep em flying high,
And watch with satisfaction as their plane goes screaming by.

Day and night our pilots fight to live up to their name,
Other pilots come and go, but ours fly on to fame.
They're going to fly forever in that range so very high,
They cuss and cry, "LIVE OR DIE" Thud drivers in the sky!

Over the river, across the fence
to gomer's house we go.
The THUD knows the way
It's Bullseye today
To visit Uncle HO-OH!
We're Weasels, you know, so look out below
'cause we've got our shit together.
Chasing down SAM's and Firecans
and always in dogshit weather.
Green up the missiles and warm up the pods
Their GCI's got us now.
Tune up the scope
They'll launch one we hope
Get ready to take it down.
Then just for spite we'll punch off a shriek
Sweet Jesus! What a shit hot day!
Dropping their socks and cleaning their clocks
and blowing their shit away.

PUFF

339

Puff the tragic wagon
Came across the sea
Conceited turds in gooney birds
They came to kill VC

The VC shook in terror
Where're they appeared
The mini ones with mini guns
A sticking out their rear

Puff the tragic wagon
At DaNang by the sea
Though Rinkelman in number one
His waist is 63

The FC-47
Flies all afternoon
Half a day of boredom in
A silly fucking goon.

The 388th's going north today
With bombs on every MER
When we cross Red River
We'll do six hundred per
The flak and SAM's will greet us
From top, bottom, and the side
And then the Mig's will tap us
To liven up our ride

(Chorus)

Three Eighty Eight, the best Air Force Wing
We're number one, so listen to us sing

We're going to hit a target
That we hit yesterday
To sharpen up their gunners
And earn our hazard pay
We're going to use the same old route
Which may to you seem strange
But that will fool their planners
Who think that we will change

(Chorus)

We're going to have to brave the SAM's
And flak that we may face
So that we can drop our bombload
On some defended place
We may not like the place we go
Or the target we will hit
But will do our very best
There is no doubt of it

(Chorus)

We're headed straight for old Hanoi
And when we get up there
We'll drop our ordered payload
Just about anywhere
On a bridge, a site, or railroad yard
Or even right downtown
To show that stupid Ho Chi Minh
That he's a stubborn clown

(Chorus)

Continued

388th (Continued)

Maybe we don't turn so good
When we are way up high
But come on down into the weeds
When you want to die
We'll turn and fight and have your badge
If you want to play
Down where we are better
Than Mig's in every way

(Chorus)

When you're flying way up north
And want to stay alive
There's just one Air Force Airplane
The Thunder One-0-Five
Now if you are a doubter
Of what we have to say
You can take our glorious place
Any glorious day

(Chorus)

TUNE: TITANIC

Oh, we joined the weasel force,
When we finished the old course,
We thought we had a game
The missiles for to tame.
After many trips downtown
No answer had we found;
Only "Take it down, Take it down!"

CHORUS:

Take it down, way down
Take it down, way down
Down underneath that SA-2, to the bottom
After many trips downtown
No answer had we found,
Only take it down, take it down.

Off the tanker low
Into fluid four we go
Driving to the coast
We run before the force
We're about to face them all
And are waiting for the call
"Take it down, take it down."

In at 10 thou' and point 9
The signals painting fine'
We pull up to hose a SHRIKE
Something they don't like.
Away the bastards roar
And upward they do soar
Time to take it down, take it down.

The sites that ring the town
Our range have finally found.
Many missiles underway,
It's time for us to play.
Roll under to the right
Red dots are now in sight.
Better take it down, take it down.

Back around again
There's flak from Gia Lam.
Up for another SHRIKE
Goes our weaving flight.
A missile bursts close by
And lower we do fly.
Down, take it down, take it down.

THE WEASEL SONG (Continued)

Hang on BOBBIN 2
We've got work to do.
SHRIKES? We've shot the lot
But a site's at 10 o'clock
So down the slide we go
CBUs burst burst below.
Down, take it down, take it down.

Out behind the force
Down the delta to the coast.
Tanks have long gone dry
"Tanker" we do cry.
Holes in number four
It's flying like a whore.
May have to take it down, take it down.

Back home on the ground
All are safe and sound.
The weasels rest once more
Site added to the score.
We gather around the bar
No matter what the hour.'
Time to drink it down, drink it down.
(Down to the bottom of the glass, to the bottom.)

The "Be No's" fence us in
To fight the greatest sin.
"Don't do this, and don't do that"
Our leaders always blat
Weasels press on just the same,
IRON HAND is a fighting game.
Down, take it down, take it down.

I've been alive
Twenty years, plus four or five,
And I've tried many a pursuit.'
I went to pilot school,
Learned the ropes and learned the rules,
And got my wings and my blue suit.

And then I went to get upgraded
And like a fool I made it.
Then they made me number four,
And then they sent me off to war,
Buster.
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.'

The Rublic Thunderchief
Is just twenty tons of grief.
The dirty sons-of-bitches
Filled it with three-hundred switches.
Buster.
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

To keep my bod' alive
They taught me to survive
At a place nestled in the hills.
They fed me porcupine,
And other goodies fine;
Pemmican to cure all my ills.

And in three weeks I had made it.
They said I'd graduated.
Well, buddy, if that's livin'
I thing that I'll just give in,
Buster.
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

You can have your he-man training
In the snow, and when it's raining.
I'd rather be a weenie
With my tootie and martini,
Buster.
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

(Continued)

I don't want to stay,
But I cannot get away.
In Hanoi they all love parades.
Each day we take a walk
Through Hanoi Central Park,
Not dressed in style, I'm afraid.

Oh, those little yellow mammas
Dress us all in black pajamas,
Spectators, they just sit there,
Sometimes throw rocks, sometimes spit there
Buster.

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

You can have your 105.
I'd much rather stay alive.
The lousy afterburner
Gets you north just that much sooner,
Buster.

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

These lines are in jest;
Thud drivers are the best,
At flying 'n chasing women, too.
The goods they deliver
Are sure to make Ho shiver,
And wish to hell this war was through.

And for some it is all over.
They lie down beneath the clover,
For they did go down in flames,
But we will not forget their names,
Buster.

They wanted wings
And they've truly got their wings,
And they will wear them evermore.

For there are no regulations
For those heaven-bound formations,
If they don't like it, well,
They can split-S down to hell
Buster.

They wanted wings
And they've truly got their wings,
And they will wear them evermore.

I'd rather be a pimple on a syphiletic whore
Than a back seat driver on an old F-4

CHORUS: Don't put me in an F-4C, 4C
Don't put me in an F-4C

I'd rather be a hair on a swollen womb
than be a pilot of an old phan-tomb

I'd rather be a pimple on a dirty cock
Than to be a F-4 jock

I'd rather be a bloody scab
than to fly a plane with a bent up slab

I'd rather be a rotten bum
Than to fly a plane without a gun

I'd rather be a piss in a bottle
than to fly a plane with more than one throttle

I'd rather be a peckerless man
than to fly a bent up garbage can

I'd rather be most anything
than to fly a plane with a folding wing

I'd rather give up all my cheaten'
than to fly a plane with a rotten beacon

How much lower can you stoop
than to want to fly a droop

We don't know they stay alive
flying something heavier than a 105
Just remember you phantom flier
you have twice the chance for fire

We got one engine, you got two,
as a word of parting,-----you.

When this base opened and all things were new,
The jocks had a need for somebody to screw,
When up jumped this girl and said, "For five baht,
I'm Chum Chim the whore; I'm shit hot from Korat."

Chorus: It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat
Chum Chim the jocks screwed a lot
It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat
Chum Chim the whore from Korat that's shit shit hot

Standing or sitting she's good any way,
That's what the jocks from Korat always say,
They can't understand why her crotch doesn't rot
Chum Chim the whore that's shit hot from Korat

Chorus:

A very young jock who first opened her box
Became her pimp and later got shot,
But still couldn't tie the marital knot
To Chum Chim the whore that's shit hot from Korat

Chorus:

She's good in a hammock; she's better in bed
That's what the jocks from Kadena have said,
Some left their wives, believe it or not,
For Chum Chim the whore that's shit hot from Korat

Chorus:

She was a jewel to the pilots from TAC,
When they had the honor to lay in her rack,
They'll always remember that little Thai twat of
Chum Chim the whore that's shit hot from Korat

Chorus:

With F-4 crews she never had trouble,
Once she had learned to take them on double,
Though it was daylight it bothered her not
Chum Chim the whore that's shit hot from Korat

Chorus:

When she met the Weasels she sure had the knack,
one in the front and the other in back,
She liked this arrangement as it doubled her Baht,
Chum Chim the whore that's shit hot from Korat

(Continued)

(Continued)

Chorus:

She's sweeter than candy and nicer than spice
All jocks agree she's especially nice,
They all idolize this girl they adore,
This hard fuckin', cock suckin', lesbian whore

MIGS COME OUT TO PLAY

345

TUNE: My Home In Indiana

When the SAMS start rising from old Haiphong Harbor
And 85's start puffing round Kep Hay
You will know -our targets just beyond that mountain
And you wonder if the MIGS will come to play

Oh you reach your pull up point and start your pop up
And the ttacers seem to urge you on your way
You see the bridge as you start roll in
You wonder if the MIGS will come to play

You've dropped your bombs and now you're off and running
Jinking hard you're on you merry way
And as you reach the jagged limestone ridges
You wonder if the MIGS will come to play

You've reached the coast and all the sea is friendly
The fuel is low but not too bad you say
I can make it back to Korat nice and easy
If only the MIGS don't come to play

You're climbing now and starting to rest easy
A drink of water helps you on your way
But a glint of light, a speck up high, and you know
The MIGS have fi-nal-ly come to play

Your burners in, you're diving down, you're running
But his overtake is far too much today
In your dinghy bobbing on the Gulf of Tonkin
You wish the MIGS just hadn't come to play

I had a little girl down in Baltimore
But the funk from her drawers knocked me flat on the floor
CHORUS: She's a rotten motherfucker and I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore
Why do the drums go boom-diddy-boom-diddy?
Why do the drums go boom-diddy-boom-diddy?
Why do the drums go boom-diddy-boom-diddy?
Why do the drums go boom?

Well...I took her to the church just to meet all the people
But the funk from her drawers knocked the cross off the steeple

Well...I took her to the store just to buy some peas
But the funk from her drawers knocked the clerk on his knees

Well...I took her to the farm just to get a job
But the funk from her drawers knocked the corn off the cob

Well...I took her to the movie but the crowd got mean
When the funk from her drawers knocked the flick off the screen

Well...I took her to the beach man she was a dish
But the funk from her drawers knocked the scales off the fish

Well...I took her to the club for a bite to eat
But the funk from her drawers burned a hole in the seat

Well I took her to Korat just to meet the Thais
But the funk from her drawers brought the tears to their eyes

Well...I took her to the field just to watch me fly
But the funk from her drawers knocked my Thud from the sky

Well...I took her down to Veenas but they started bitchen
When the funk from her drawers drew the flies from the kitchen

Well...I took her to my hooch cause I thought I'd score
But the funk from her drawers burned the paint off the door

Well...I took her to the park just to roll in the grass
But the funk from her drawers curled the hairs on my ass

Well...I took her to my room and I started to hunch
But the funk from her drawers made me blow my lunch

Well...I slipped it up her tubes and I tried to coat 'em
But the funk from her drawers peeled the skin off my scrotum

(Continued)

(Continued)

Well...I fucked her on the floor man it was a feeling
When the funk from her drawers stuck my ass to the ceiling

Well...I paid her fifty bucks cause it was a thrill
But the funk from her drawers wiped the ink off the bill

Well...They took my little girl to the police station
Said the funk from her drawers was a threat to the nation

Well...They took her to the court for a speedy trial
But the funk from her drawers laid the judge in the aisle

Well...They locked her in a jail but she's doin well
Cause the funk from her drawers killed the rats in her cell

Well...I lost my little girl but I didn't mind
Cause the funk from her drawers nearly made me blind

BEAR OF THE SKY

347

Back seat for sale or rent
Radar sets fifty cents
He's got no landings yet
No take off will he get
Four hours on the boom in a
Cockpit with no damn room, He's a
man who flys but don't fly
Bear of the sky

He knows every instrument every dial
He gets occasional stick time once in a while
And every week when the weather is clear
The A/C may let him lower the gear

He rides in the rumble seat
And thinks its quite a treat
His A/C will take care
While he rides through the air
He takes up extra room he rides
Through the sonic boom He's a
Man who flys but don't fly
Bear of the sky.

Oh, here's to Uncle Ho Chi Minh
the dirty son of a bitch
Here's hoping he dies with a
dose of clap combined with the
seven year itch.

For he's a rotten bastard
from a dirty, dirty race;
By the laws of gravitation
his ass should be his face.

Now if we find a V. C.
within our hallowed walls
We'll take him to the compound
and casorate his balls.

And if he doesn't like it
I'll tell you what we'll do,
We'll stuff his ass with
broken glass and paint his pecker blue.

Well, I am a Nail FAC in Laos,
I've been here since heaven knows when,
But I'd rather be back in old Aspen town,
Skiing dry powder again.

The air on the trail is polluted,
It's filled with rarefied tin,
Great clouds of flak claw at your back,
Watch out, Wolf, Nail's at your ten.

ZPU gunners are happy,
They get to practice all day,
But what the heck, if I found a truck
"Blue Chip" gave my bombs away.

I'd rather be in California,
Surfing the waves in the fall
Than feeling the shudder, as I hit full rudder,
Dodging those red fiery balls.

This war is run by computer,
It's commonly called "TFA"
So what the heck, why should I breck my neck,
They claimed we won yesterday.

We are allowed no diversions,
The flights hit their frag for the day,
So forests we plunder, and monkeys plow under
While six trucks stand one klick away.

I wish that I had the big picture,
That old Seventh paints every day.
Then I'd fly the wild, with a contented smile,
Watching those trucks drive away.

CRICKET:

350

Run, run, Cricket run,
Ho Chi's coming with a loaded gun,
He's mighty angry and you've caught his eye,
He's throwing flak up in the sky.

Run, run, Cricket run,
For your flying days are through
Thirty-Seven, maybe ZPU
So run, run, Cricket run.

You've been tearing up all his roads
And burning all his trucks
You keep doing things like those
And Ho Chi, he's fed up.

Run, run, Cricket run,
As fast as you know how
If you want to be a Cricket anymore
Then you'd better be a chicken now.

FREEDOMS THREAT

Tune: Green Beret

Silver Wings that are no more
Camouflaged, because of war
Oh men will die, but don't forget
They're all a part of Our Freedom's Threat

F-4C striking from the air
does a job beyond compare
A funny bird so fast, yet big
Looks funny to everyone but a Mig.

The 135 carries aircraft fuel
Some say this bird is just a tool
The bomber and fighter are really the star
but without fuel, they can't go far

The T-28 is slow and small
But it's job's not small at all
Every day, in Ho Chi Minh's hair
Have to tell the world we're not even there

Chorus

The super Spad in history lies
Their pilots are courageous guys
Drawing flak, flying low and mean
Flying cover for our Jolly Green

The Jolly Greens and the pony express
Ever rescue men that are the best
They risk their lives as in they go
and as they pull out you hear, Yo-Ho-Ho

What a bird the RB-66
Their systems play amazing tricks
But on TV's or in a jam
And their favorite saying is "Sorry bout that SAM"

Chorus

The 104 looks like a toy
But what a punch it does deploy
You know the Mig doesn't get a thrill
of seeing that toy when it plays for real

There's hardly a thing the Thud can't do
Day or night they are never through
Solving the problems of this wars toil
Like helping Hanoi with their excess oil.

The A-26 once was a B
But they don't bomb from here you see
every night when they hit the air
That load in their belly, isn't really there.

Chorus

The Gooney Bird is a son-of-a-gun
I think they flew it in World War 1
A cargo bird, that should be through
Now the damned old thing is a fighter-bomber too.

When the mission's done
and the birds head back
Systems bad or hit with flak
low on fuel or feathered prop
Look to the sky there's our lemon drop

Chorus

The Voodoo Recon is a 101
They won't come home till the job is done
Shooting film throughout the day
Film that shows our strike force the way

Alert is called and the scramble is fast
Seconds pass, then the AB blasts
They hit the air with a job to do
Flight intercept by our 102

With ~~for~~ the rescue boys the 130 flies
Flying command posts in the skies
Guiding rescue showing the way
Saving our mens lives most everyday

Silver Wings that are no more
Camouflaged because of war
Oh men will die, but don't forget
They're all a part of Our Freedoms Threat

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